THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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COURAGE.

Man cannot come to his full growth of character and influence without courage. The term is from *cœur*, "heart," "soul." It is not mere physical instinct. It is not the spirit that animates those men of whom it may be said, "They are brave in proportion as they are without thought. Courage is rather that deep conviction, or that solid purpose which gathers strength by delay.

We are told that icebergs in the northern seas are sometimes seen moving northward, in the face of strong tides and winds setting toward the south. This movement is explained by the fact of deep under-currents drifting along at the base of the ice mountain, and moving it with irresistible power. So the real courage of the soul is a power which seems and goes counter to superficial tides. It is a principle of self-propulsion, moving in the direction of reason, and conscience, and heart. It is that rare power of the soul which is able to say of a proposed undertaking, "It may be difficult, it may be costly, it may be odd, but it is right, and I dare to do it. One of the greatest triumphs of courage is to dare to be one's self—to stand in one's own shoes, accepting one's own personality, addressing one's self to one's own responsibilities, envying none, imitating none.

☞ Romantic.—If the term "romantic" implies that which is unnatural, fictitious or extravagant, then are the men who are generally deemed romantic the least deserving of the epithet. Those are the romantic who, blind to the beauties of nature, and regardless of her best gifts, search for happiness in the artificial distinctions of society, or solely in the pursuit of wealth.

GARIBALDI'S BIRTHPLACE AT NICE.

The above is a sketch of the house at Nice, where Garibaldi was born, in the year 1807. It is a large building which has always been used as a hotel or lodging house for sailors frequenting that port. The parents of Garibaldi are said to have been Genoese.

DESOLATE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

Oh shut them out! shut out the jubilant voices,
Calling the summer from beyond the sea;
All sights and sounds whereat the world rejoices,
Are nevermore for me!

Yet once my soul grew rapturous at the coming
Of bud and blossom; and the song of birds,
The bees in drone—the wild-bees tender humming,
Were sweet unspoken words!

And this is Spring-time! Nature's pulses quicken,
The earth's great heart throbs like a living thing;
The very hills rejoice!—I faint and sicken,
For me there is no Spring!

Dead to the world, and yet shut out of heaven,
A cold, inanimate and aimless clod,
With spirit lightning seathed, and rent and riven,
I stand alone, oh God!

Palsied and fettered see my best endeavor
A mark—a target for unpitying fate;
Thou art gone from me—and this life forever
Is utterly desolate.

Yet on my lips thy last kiss warmly lingers,
Thy hands caressing soothe my weary head;
I feel the clasping of thy tender fingers—
Oh love! why art thou dead?

How have I called thee;—lifted hands beseeching,
Hands of imploring and despairing woe;
Thou answerest not my piteous outreaching,
Dear heart, that loved me so!

Yet, oh beloved! while the continuing burden,
The toils and trials of this life are mine,
I know the royal robe, the kingly guerdon,
The crown and palm are thine!

And though I sit amid the awful shadows
On the lone shore of Death's dividing sea;
I do have glimpses of the pleasant meadows
Where I shall walk with thee!

Macon, Mich.

☞ A lady recently called upon a professional gentleman to have a corn removed from her toe. Being somewhat modest and refined, she had drawn a silk stocking over her foot to conceal it, having first cut a hole in the garment large enough for the protrusion of the offending excrescence. The professor contemplated the delicate arrangement for a moment, and then deliberately drew from his pocket and put upon his hands a pair of white kid gloves, before proceeding with his surgical labor.

MARGARET TUDOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BEATRICE COLONNA.

PART THIRD.

DRAMATIC.

A loud knocking at my door awakened me with a start. I sprang from my bed, threw on a wrapper, and ran to the door.

My guardian's voice said, "Dress yourself as quickly as you can, and join me in the library."

My toilet was soon completed, and entering the library, I found my guardian tete-a-tete with a stranger whom he introduced to me as Signor Guidarini.

Signor Guidarini might have stepped from the frame of one of Rembrandt's pictures, so striking was the combination of light and shadow in his handsome Italian face. The shadow of lustrous masses of purple-black hair, opposed to the dazzling brilliancy of a pair of almond-shaped eyes. The rich, deep bronze of the complexion, illuminated by teeth white as ivory; and under the slight moustache, elevated at the corners after the fashion of the portrait of Vandyke, a slender line of scarlet lip archly curved.

His handsome head bent gracefully to me as he said,

"At your service, Signorina," in a voice so singularly sweet, that merely to hear him speak again, I turned upon him with the abrupt remark,

"You speak English remarkably well."

In an instant all the light vanished from the brilliant face, and nothing but gloomy shadows remained, and the sweet voice was strained and sharpened as he replied,

"I had an English father."

These few words contained a history.

Italian blood runs hotly, I thought, as I looked at the Signor's darkened face; there is a stiletto for that English father.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, Sir Henry approached the Italian, and said,

"Guidarini, you can explain this matter to her better than I can," then turning to me, "Margaret, the Signor has my entire confidence," he left the room.

I, f. alone with the Italian, who still remained standing, with folded arms, contracted brows, and eyes bent on the ground, I seated myself, and waited for him to speak.

Finding that his attitude remained unchanged, I leaned back against the velvet cushions, and taking up a book, had read one page, when I felt a light touch upon my arm, and raising my head, perceived that Guidarini was seated beside me, the cloud gone from his brow, and an inexplicable expression of mingled tenderness and compassion in its place.

"Pardon the apparent rudeness of the question, Signorina, but are not you very young?"

"I am seventeen, Signor."

"Neither father or mother?"

"No, Signor."

He extended his hand, and touching mine with one finger, ejaculated, "Ah! poreima. The sweet voice was touching in its melody, and an almost divine compassion shone from the beautiful eyes. Then his mood changed suddenly. A dark frown contracted his handsome brows, and he muttered something in Italian so rapidly, clenching each syllable between his teeth, that I could not catch the meaning.

Then resuming his former manner—

"Signorina, your guardian has informed me of your singular intention, and has requested my assistance and co-operation in carrying it out. Sir Henry has this morning done me a favor of infinite importance, in return for which I have promised to aid him as far as is in my power. You desire to die—it is then necessary to procure the semblance of death. I am not only an artist, but a chemist, and have sufficient acquaintance with the internal economy of the human frame, to be aware of the effect of certain chemical combinations upon the circulation of the blood, causing its gradual stagnation, until the heart ceases to beat, the lungs to respire, and a species of catalepsy is produced, giving all the pallor and rigidity of a corpse, when in reality there is but the suspension of life. Life is dormant, not departed. If you wish your design to succeed, the simple announcement of your death will not be sufficient, you must be seen in your shroud, and in your coffin. The contents of this vial will enable you to brave with impunity both the gaze of the curious and the reverent touch of sorrowing friends. Will you make the trial?"

I took from his hand the vial, which contained a colorless liquid, and said,

"Yes, I will make the trial."

"Signorina," said the Italian, "you are young, you are rich, you have here a beautiful home. Why will you voluntarily yield your individuality, your country, and your friends? It is death in life."

"Signor, it is what I desire, to die to all recollections of my former life. To-day dies Margaret Tudor; to-morrow rises a new being, bound by no ties of country, friends, or kindred, perfectly free in body and soul. It is glorious—it is sublime."

"It is madness."

"Better even insanity than reason with these present realities."

"But if you should desire to resume your former—"

"I shall have no such desire. Signor Guidarini, to our meeting in the next world. Addio!" And I drank the contents of the vial.

The Italian made a gesture as if to interrupt me, but restrained himself, and bending forward, fixed his eyes upon my face.

"Do you feel any peculiarity of sensation?" he asked.

"I feel perfectly happy, and happiness is new to me."

I let the vial fall from my hand, and remained silent for some moments. A thin, purple mist now seemed to arise between Guidarini and myself, through which his brilliant eyes gleamed meteor-like, while all the rich coloring of his complexion took one harmonious tinge, and his voice sounded like a bell tolling under water.

"It is beginning to take effect. Your cheeks are scarlet, your eyes dazzling, and a lambent flame seems to tremble through your hair. You have grown strangely beautiful."

"It is the soul," I replied, "shining through the flimsy texture of the flesh. You have made me immortal. Oh! Reginald."

I rose to my feet, extended my arms, and fell, face downward, upon the floor.

* * * * * *

A stream of cold air was flowing across my face, and a sensation of extreme chilliness pervaded my whole person, when I fixed my eyes upon what appeared to be blank darkness. Gradually the obscurity resolved itself into a low-browed arch, across which a few pallid rays of light had fallen, rendering the shadows yet deeper and more profound.

These few rays glimmered, grew paler, and finally became extinct, a strong glare struck my eyes so painfully that I closed them, and then felt myself raised from my recumbent position, and borne upward.

When I again unclosed my eyes, I found myself in the body of a church, with Guidarini standing beside me, the light which poured through the stained-glass of the church-window, circling his handsome head with a purple aureole.

He had placed me on my feet, but still supported me with one arm, to which I clung, trembling from excessive weakness.

"What does this mean—why am I here?" I stammered.

Without replying, Guidarini quietly seated me on the cushions in front of the chancel-rail, and disappearing for a few moments, returned with a flask, from which he filled a glass, and holding it to my lips desired me to drink the contents.

As I obeyed, my shaking hand spilled a part upon my lap, and looking down I saw with astonishment that I wore a long, loose robe of white cashmere; I raised my hand to my head, and removed a wreath of partly-withered flowers.

My mind instantly seized the broken chain of thought, and reverted to the subject which had last engaged its attention.

"Ah! now I understand—I am dead."

"Yes—you are—dead."

"But why was I brought here?"

"Because here was your family vault."

I could not repress a shudder at the thought of even this brief contact with mortality.

"It was then from there you removed me?"

"Yes."

"But," said I, leaning forward, and fixing my eyes upon the Italian's face, "the coffin must have remained open. How was it contrived that this should not be remarked?"

"Signorina, the coffin was closed."

"Closed!"

"Not only closed, but the lid was screwed down."

"By whose direction?"

"Your guardian—Sir Henry Lisle."

"And you were sent to release me."

"I came, Signorina."

"You came, but my guardian desired you to do so."

"Sir Henry thinks that I am in London at this present time."

"Then if you had not been here, I should have died?"

"You would probably have suffocated in about half an hour."

For the first time in my life a feeling of mortal terror struck its deadly chill to my heart. This I combatted. No, I would not believe that my kind, tender-hearted guardian meant to murder me. I sprang to my feet.

"I wish to descend to the vault."

Guidarini probably read my thoughts in my face, for, without speaking, he preceded me, and taking a lamp which swung by an iron chain in the vestibule, he lighted it, opened a low, grated door, and led the way down a flight of broad, stone steps, where, by the pale, flickering light, I distinctly perceived my empty coffin, a few faded flowers still clinging to its satin lining, and lying beside it the lid from which some of the screws had been wrenched with such violence, that the wood was defaced in several places by scratches and indentations. A broken chisel was lying near, and everywhere were the marks of extreme haste and fear.

I could no longer doubt, but sank upon my knees overwhelmed by the thought that my death had been desired, and attempted.

The Italian's voice roused me from my stupor.

"Signorina, it is not too late to regain all you have lost. Return to your home, confront your—"

"That he might find some other means of destroying me! He has my will in his possession. No, no, I am dead and buried, and so will I remain. Homeless, nameless, friendless. I have still God."

The Italian reverently made the sign of the cross.

"Is it too late for me to take the train to London?"

"No, Signorina."

"Ah! but I forgot—I cannot travel in my shroud."

"You will find your travelling-dress, hat, and shawl in the vestry-room."

"You think of everything. Thank you, Signor."

All my weakness and tremor seemed to have vanished suddenly. I bounded up the steps, hurried into the vestry-room, and in a few moments returned, entirely equipped, carrying my shroud in my hand."

I found Guidarini carefully obliterating all traces of disturbance from the coffin and the vault.

Then, having reascended the steps, and locked the door of the vault, we found ourselves outside the gray old church, under the tall elm that fronted the ivy-grown porch.

PART FOURTH.

AN EPISODE.

A cloudless sky, in which the sun hangs like some great jewel, too dazzling for unveiled eyes.

Countless domes and spires, glittering with flame, rising in bold relief against this stainless azure.

The musical rush of waters, mingled with the light dip of oars, and the song of the gondoliers, as the slender, black gondola glides through the opaline waves of the canal.

This is Venice.

A ravishing voice chanted a gondellied

...er my window. I rose and leaned from t... balcony. A gondola was moored at the ...t of the steps. In it was the singer, standing erect, with folded arms, wearing with grace the peculiar costume of the Venetian people, and having a scarlet cap set jauntily over his black curls.

He saw me, and laughing, made me a ... with his hand. I threw a veil over my ... down the stairs, and placing my ... in his, we entered the little cabin. A ... strokes of the oar placed us before the ... gondolas, and we glided into the ... Canal.

... we approached the bridge of the ... I pushed aside the curtains, and ... my eyes to its regular arch. My companion observed the direction of my glance and said:

"Are you seeking for Shylock among the gay groups of promenaders?"

"Yes," I replied. "Do you see that tall old man, with the long, white beard? That is he—that ample cloak, with its loose, hanging sleeves, fitly representing the 'Jewish gaberdine.' And there is Antonio coming to meet him—that grave-looking man, with crossed arms and bowed head."

"And yonder is Bassanio, hastening to join his friend, and meditating meanwhile on his chances with fair Portia."

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a lithe, graceful form following the left bank of the canal. Something in the airy motion, and peculiar color of the breeze-blown curls, was familiar to me. At this instant a gondola shot past us, its gay occupants filling the air with laughter and snatches of song. It neared the left bank rapidly. A small, white hand was extended from the curtains, gesticulating prettily, while long, blonde ringlets waved in unison.

The young man whom I had been watching ran down the steps; the wind lifted his hat from his head, and, laughing, he tried to catch it before it should fall into the canal.

Our gondola was now parallel with the other, and I heard him say in English:

"It is gone for good! Lend me yours, Louey."

The speaker was Reginald.

Something seemed to clang in the air, and the glittering domes and spires to sink below the level of the canal, while the gondola rocked as if in a stormy sea. Then I I found I was lying on the cushions of the cabin, my face and hair dripping with the water with which Guidarini was deluging me.

"You fainted very suddenly. What was the cause of it?" he asked with a piercing glance.

"A sudden vertigo—something like seasickness, I think," I answered languidly, sitting up, and wringing the wet from my hair. As I did so, I glanced furtively through the curtains. The English gondola had disappeared.

Our gondolier plied his oar rapidly, but in silence. Guidarini, leaning back against the cushions, fixed his eyes upon the heavens, while I let my hand trail idly through the water, my cheeks burning at the recollection of my momentary weakness.

Then Guidarini spoke:

"Rita, that man was not unknown to you."

I felt my face blanch so suddenly that I involuntarily drew my veil over it. I counterfeited a shudder.

"It is growing cold. I think the sun must be setting."

"No, Rita, it is not growing cold—and the sun is yet high above St. Marks. You have not answered my question."

"Did you ask me a question?"

"I spoke of Bassanio."

"Bassanio—I do not recollect."

Guidarini snatched the veil from my head, and flung it into the canal; then seizing my hands, drew me towards him, and held me firmly, saying:

"Now, Margaret, with uncovered face, tell me—"

Looking him straight in the eyes, I began to sing a rollicking drinking song, which Reginald had once taught me. Such an one the Bacchanals might have sung in the reeling grace and abandon of their wild dance around the jovial wine-god, while the purple grapes clustered their amethysts lovingly in the bright locks of the dancers, and round white shoulders and gleaming arms shone through the mist of their fluttering draperies.

While I was singing a gondola had approached us, and glided along by the side of ours. Guidarini, who still held my hands, started, and looked over my shoulder. I turned, and saw the pale face of Reginald almost close to mine. As I turned, he made a convulsive movement, the gondola swerved to one side, and Reginald, overbalancing himself, was thrown into the canal. I saw the water close over his head, a voice cried in English, "Help! he cannot swim!"—and Guidarini prepared to plunge after him.

I held him by the wrists with all the force of which I was capable. A demon had entered into my soul, and since Reginald was lost to me forever, I desired that he should die.

His head now re-appeared above the surface of the waves. He extended his hands imploringly.

Guidarini released his wrists, and I wreathed my arms about his neck. Reginald had sunk again.

A terrible scream came from the other gondola.

"My God! Margaret, are you mad? Do you not see that he is dying?"

Again that ghastly head arose, the water bubbling around the white lips, the eyes closed, the long, uncurled hair floating upon the waves.

Guidarini now broke from my clasp, one bound carried him to Reginald, who was sinking for the third time. Supporting him with one arm, he swam to the side of the other gondola, into which he lifted Reginald with the aid of the gondolier; and springing in himself, said a few words to the frightened occupants, then motioning to the gondolier, the gondola darted away from us, and disappeared in one of the numerous outlets which branch off from the Grand Canal.

I returned alone.

The sun was setting as I entered Guidarini's studio, and a broad bar of light lay across an unfinished picture which stood upon the easel.

A dense and shadowy back-ground of forest-trees; in the foreground, a deep and sullen stream, over which hung a giant oak, draped with mistletoe and dipping its branches in the stirless water.

Seemingly upheld by the loosened masses of its golden hair, a beautiful head rose just above the surface of the brook, the blue eyes opened wide, and staring upward, the lips parted and retracted, the white and slender fingers of one hand clutching at the water, while the other grasped a coronal of flowers which hung from the oak above.

I uttered an exclamation—dismiss the femininity, and the face was that of Reginald, as I had seen it when he was about to sink.

I heard a step behind me. Guidarini had returned.

I turned to meet him.

"Oh! Rafael," I said, "you are in truth an artist. You do not daub—you paint. This picture is wonderful—the hue, the expression, the purple death-shadows. Did you imagine them? Have you ever seen any one drown?"

He did not reply, but stood looking at me with a severity of expression which strongly reminded me of an "Adonis angered," which I had once seen in a Gallery of Art. Presently he said in a freezing tone:

"Have you no question to ask me?"

"I have this moment asked you one; when you have replied to that I may possibly think of another."

"I will then reply to a question which you should have asked me directly upon my return. Your victim is not dead."

"My victim?"

"Was it not then a desire to prevent his rescue, but fear for my safety, that actuated you in my detention?"

He spoke eagerly, his voice and manner softening instantly.

For a moment I hesitated; then said boldly:

"I wished him to die."

He withdrew from me a step.

"You are then an assassin."

The word came like a blow. I started, and made a step forward.

"What! you would assassinate me also for speaking the truth?"

"Rafael, you insult me!"

"A felon cannot be insulted by a man of honor," he said, with an accent indescribably contemptuous.

My heart beat violently. I raised my hand to my throat. I was choking.

He continued:

"Yes, you! You, my wife!—you, a young, innocent girl, whom I thought God had given me because he permitted me to preserve your life. You, whose helpless and desolate condition appealed so strongly to me that I gave you the shelter of my name and home, are in heart and intention as criminal as the condemned felon who to-morrow will look his last upon God's sun. And you stand shameless and fearless before God and myself, and avow your wicked designs!"

I folded my arms, and confronted him calmly.

"You, at least, ought to know that I never am afraid."

"Signora, your effrontery is unequalled."

"Pardon me, signor; but your terms are somewhat severe. You should not forget that I am at least a woman."

"You a woman! You have unsexed yourself. A Brinvilliers—a Lucrezia Borgia has no sex."

"Brinvilliers! Lucrezia Borgia! They were very beautiful."

"Oh, Margaret! I did not look upon your outward form. I thought you possessed a noble and beautiful soul, and I loved you for that."

"What! love a felon!"

"Margaret, I was harsh—I was cruel. You are very young, and you acted upon the impulse of the moment. You repent, do you not? You are happy that he has escaped?"

For an instant I wavered. I longed to acknowledge my fault, and return to my husband's arms; but the demon of Pride prompted me to answer "No."

Rafael's head drooped; his arms fell by his side.

"May God forgive you!" he said, and slowly left the room.

That night I did not leave the studio, but paced its weary length again and again, pausing now and then to look out upon the moonlit waters of Venice. Towards dawn I fell asleep, sitting upon the floor, with my head resting upon the cushions of a large fauteuil.

When I awoke in the morning, haggard and unrefreshed, I perceived something white lying near my cheek, and raising it, found it to be a letter. I opened it and read:

When you receive this, I shall no longer have a wife, or you a husband.

Since the discovery of your capabilities for crime, I feel that I can no longer respect, no longer love you, and to remain with you would be the commission of a moral adultery.

But I do not leave you unprotected and unprovided for. I have placed in the hands of Francisco Spinola a sufficient sum to provide for your maintenance for a year. He will receive you into his family, and I shall from time to time remit other sums for your use.

Do not let your pride lead you to refuse these, for I would not permit any one who bore my name to want.

As for me, I shall leave Italy, to prosecute my art-studies in a foreign country.

May you be happy, and forget

RAFAEL GUIDARINI.

RETROSPECTION—PART FIRST.

A large, low room, arched towards the front, where the windows opened upon a balcony completely overrun with flowing-vines, the gorgeous blossoms of which flamed like jewels amidst their thick and glossy foliage.

By one of these windows was placed an easel, and before it stood a woman, whose long, black robe assumed the statuesque folds of Rachel's costume as Phedre, whose hair, of a beautiful light golden color, was bound at the back of her small head by a narrow black ribbon, and fell in a profusion of loosely-rolling curls down below her waist.

Kneeling on the floor at a short distance from her was a round, comely contadina, a silver bodkin thrust through the shining coils of her black hair, a glittering necklace resting upon her plump bosom, and her brown, dimpled fingers engaged in piling up oranges in a basket which might have figured in one of Teniers' groups. She looked up with a smile that displayed all her white teeth, and said,

"Madonna, these speak as well for our trees, as if the holy Charlemagne, of whom Padre Pietro was telling us, had blessed them."

The artist turned her head, giving to view a pair of eyes which were Oriental in their depth of coloring and expression, and were surrounded by wonderfully long lashes, a pale, oval face, and a mouth the color of coral, the somewhat proud and severe expression of the full, pouting lips being neutralized by two charming dimples which always accompanied their smile.

"You may carry a part of those to Madre Giotti over the way, and do not forget the little Angelo or the old Dolfi."

"Eh! Madonna, you are too good—the old rascal complained that the last soup you sent him was not rich enough."

"He is old, and his mind is weakened. Besides, are we always grateful ourselves, my good Brigitta?"

Brigitta rose from the floor at a bound.

"You, Madonna, you are always an angel. Ah, cielo!" she said, pausing in admiration before her mistress's painting, "I am in Venice—and there is the very gondola in which I used to sail with my Bibi those fine moonlight nights. Ah! the sweet voice—he used to sing like one of God's angels."

"I am glad you are pleased with it," said the artist with a bright smile. "It is five years since I have been in Venice, but I recollect it as if it was only yesterday."

"And it was five years ago," said Brigitta, "that I, being in Venice, saw a strange sight. I was standing near the Palazzo di C—— waiting for a gondola, when I heard a beautiful voice singing like the prima-donnas of the opera, and two gondolas passed me, one filled with Inglesi, two ladies, and a young man handsome as an angel, who was leaning over the side, and looking into the gondola in which the singer sat, who was not at all pretty, but had bright, waving hair, something like yours, Madonna—but, oh! she sang as if she would draw the heart out of your body. With her was a young man, handsome as the other, but with a royal and haughty aspect like a young duke. The young Englishman, bending over to listen to the singer, fell into the canal. The other young man tried to rescue him, but she, who sang so beautifully, clung to him like a mad-woman, and prevented him. Ah! Mother of Mercy! I saw the beautiful fair head sink three times, and then the other young man got away from her, and drew him out of the canal, and they all rowed off in the other gondola, leaving the singer to return alone."

While Brigitta was speaking her mistress painted a brilliant scarlet cap on one of the gondoliers.

"Your story is very amusing, Brigitta," she said; "I, myself, am going to Venice to-morrow."

* * * * *

In Venice the Corte Murielli is decidedly le Quartier des peuple, as they say in Paris, and it was before one of the poorest of these homes of the people that a gondola stopped one morning, and one of its occupants, a tall, slender female, deeply veiled, climbing up the slippery steps of the landing-place, inquired of one of the half-naked children, who were playing at the entrance, if this was the dwelling of Francisco Spinola. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, she ascended the broken and perilous stair-case, and knocked at the door of a room in which two voices were heard in loud conversation.

A querulous and high-pitched voice invited her to enter, and opening the door, she found herself in a mean-looking apartment, in which were an old man and a young woman, the latter boasting a brilliant scarlet petticoat and finely-turned ankle liberally displayed. The young woman came forward, and courtesying deeply, requested the stranger to be seated. Before doing so the new-comer threw back her veil, and said in the tone of one making an assertion rather than asking a question.

"You are Francisco Spinola?"

"Yes, Signora," said the old man, removing the cap that covered his few gray hairs, and half-rising from his chair.

"Do not disturb yourself, I beg," said the visitor, at the same time seating herself. "But were not you once acquainted with an artist, Rafael Guidarini?"

"Yes," said the old man, fixing his eyes upon his visitor, whose oval cheek had become deeply crimson as she asked the question.

"Can you then tell me where he is now?"

"Signora," said Spinola, the inflection of his voice showing that he was about to communicate something which he feared would cause his visitor pain, "he is there;" he pointed upward as he spoke, with a gesture indescribably solemn.

His listener became frightfully pale, and pressed her hands together convulsively under the thick folds of her mantle.

"He is then dead?"

"Signora," said the old man, "he had been married about three months to a young Englishwoman who possessed a beautiful voice, and that was all, when he came to me one night and said, 'Spinola, I am about leaving Italy, and I place my wife in your charge, as I shall not take her with me Here is money to pay you for all the expense you may be at on her account, and I will send you more as it is required.' Rafael had some interest in England, though I never could discover what it was, so I did not think it strange when he announced his intention, as he had been there several times before. He set sail the next morning before daylight."

I could not tell whether the Signora grieved over his absence or not—these Inglesi are as proud as the devil, but two days after his departure she disappeared. A gondolier picked up her veil, which was floating on the Grand Canal, and we found her mantle on some steps. As we have never heard of her to this day, it is probable she was drowned.

"Well, Guidarini returned after a year—"

"Did he seem to mourn his wife's death?" interrupted his listener.

"The devil take me if I can say—he was a fellow for not talking, as proud and haughty as the Doge himself. In about three months after his return to England I received a letter from him, saying that he had arrived at great honor in that country, but had not forgotten his old friends, and enclosing bills to the amount of three thousand scudi. Shortly after there came tidings that the Armita, in which several Venetians had large ventures, was wrecked off Trieste; I went over among others to look after it, and among the bodies which were washed ashore I identified that of Rafael Guidarini."

The stranger rose from her seat, and drew her veil over her face.

"Spare me the details," she said, "and many thanks for your obliging information."

Her hand slid from under her mantle, and laid a heap of glittering coins upon the table, then she ran down the stairs and sprang into her gondola at a bound.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MOISTURE IN THE AIR.—One of the most curious and interesting of the recent discoveries of science is, that it is to the presence of a very small proportion of a watery vapor in our atmosphere—less than one-half of one per cent.—that much of the beneficent effect of heat is due. The rays of heat sent forth from the earth after it has been warmed by the sun, would soon be lost in space, but for the wonderful absorbent properties of these molecules of acqueous vapor, which act with many thousand times the power of the atoms of the oxygen and nitrogen of which the air is composed. By this means the heat, instead of being transmitted into infinitude as fast as produced, is stopped or dammed up, or held back on its rapid course, to furnish the necessary conditions of life and growth. Let this moisture be taken from the air but for a single summer night, and the sun would rise next morning upon a "world held fast in the iron grip of frost."

☞ A soldier of the 1st Pa. Cavalry, in the Potomac army, was a short time since found asleep near Warrenton, Va., having slept 24 hours. He stepped up to his captain and said, "Captain, I die to morrow at 4 o'clock, and the war will end in June. You have no more for me to do." As the clock struck 4 on the following day he died without a groan.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

The Sewing Machine Premium Withdrawn.

Our offer of a Sewing Machine as a Premium is withdrawn for the present. This notice applies to the LADY'S FRIEND as well as to the POST.

MRS. WOOD'S STORY.

We have at last received the advance sheets from England, of the next portion of "OSWALD CRAY," and shall be able to go on with it in next week's paper. After this we hope to have no break in the story.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

It is pleasant in passing through the picture galleries of the Academy, to find out an artist through his distinguishing excellences before glancing at his name, thus greeting old friends by right of recognition. On our first round this season a companion a little in advance entreated our attention to a piece of water that was real water. It had truly the indescribable charm of reality—pure, cool, delicious, deep in the shaded woods. And the bark of the tree above it—the artist has studied in the right school who could put such touches upon canvas; and those ferns, gilded with the soft green sunshine that lights up woodland nooks; and the foreground—a luxuriant tangle of beautiful things, so accurate as to be each distinguishable,—who but Richards could mass their varied forms and shades with such grace of arrangement and harmony of coloring? Our guess was correct. It was a "Landscape, by W. T. Richards," who is certainly unrivalled in this special department. His pictures have delighted us at previous exhibitions; and we are happy to note in his continued success the loving devotion of the true artist, that penetrates to the heart of nature in the sacred quiet of her remotest recesses, possessing himself of her sweetest secrets. Some of Weber's pictures please us in the same way; but thus to secure for lasting joy the very spirit of the woods, is rare. If we were doomed to be "in populous city pent," one of our first luxuries should be of this kind—genuine transcripts of the wild beauty of nature. "Boquet Valley, Adirondack Mountains," is charming.

"Autumn on the Wissahickon," by Thos. Moran, is like a picture in our memory of the lovely river as we have seen it in the misty splendor of an Indian summer day, with its wooded hills, soft wavy seas of rainbow tinted foliage relieved by dark evergreens, rather a passing vision of enchanted land than the common earth we walk on. One who has not enjoyed the bewildering beauty of the views on that valley road at the season represented, would be sure to accuse the artist of too much gayety of coloring, but we are among those who know that more resplendent dyes are lavished upon our American woods that ever yet were put upon canvas.

Among the pictures by George C. Lambdin, which are always graceful and pleasing, and which his friends learn to identify through a certain effluence of home feeling, as if the heart of the man, as well as the soul of the artist, had breathed life into them, we notice "May Flowers," "Callas," and "Lily-Fairy."

James Hamilton, a painter of whom the Academy has reason to be proud, has several pictures, marked by his own peculiar, sombre genius. The "Loss of the Monitor," the "Last Days of Pompeii," and "The Last of the Wreck," we remember as excellent.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CARTES DE VISITE OF FLOWERS, MOSSES, BUTTERFLIES, &c. We have received from the publishers four sets of these beautiful cards. "The Butterflies and Moths of America," "Flowers," "Sea Mosses," and "Autumn Leaves." Their presentation to the public in this shape will be pronounced a very happy idea by that large class of appreciators to whom the beautiful things of nature are as the faces of dear friends. Those who have not seen them of course will want to know how true they are, as on this their whole value depends. Graceful design and brilliant coloring would be labor lost if the artist drew upon his imagination for his facts. In some cases—the sea-mosses for instance—we are not sufficiently well acquainted with the originals to affirm their correctness, but those we know are a delight and refreshment to our eye, from their wonderful fidelity to nature. In the Partridge Berry and the White Violet we recognize the familiar features of two of our modest wild-wood favorites. The butterflies are so true to life, that you would think the splendid velvet wings themselves, with all their marvellous veins and spots, were secured to the cards by some cunning art. The Black Swallow Tail, and the Dark Veinlet, (scientific names also appended,) are the two best known to us, and they recall most pleasantly, by their absolute faithfulness of representation, the fervid summer joys of childhood. For the Autumn Leaves of America we should think there would be, as the publishers state, large orders from abroad; the brilliancy of our forests in Autumn being so striking a feature of the country to foreigners. The rainbow hues of the maple and the sweet-gum rival the splendors of butterflies and flowers, but the coloring in these specimens of art is not warmer than that of nature.

The publishers are L. Prang & Co., 159 Washington street, Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE. By CHARLES MERIVALE, B. D. We have received the fourth volume of this admirable history from the American publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York. It is for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

THE FIRST THREE BOOKS OF XENOPHON'S ANABASIS. By JAMES R. BOISE, Professor in the University of Michigan. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

THOUGHTS ON PERSONAL RELIGION. By EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBOURN, D. D., Prebendary of St. Paul's. First American, from the Fifth London Edition. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

STORIES OF THE PATRIARCHS. By O. B. FROTHINGHAM. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

THE FERRY BOY AND THE FINANCIER. By a Contributor to the Atlantic. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

SPECTACLES FOR YOUNG EYES, ZURICH. By SARAH W. LANDER. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

NEW MUSIC.

THE LITTLE BALLAD GIRL. Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER. Published by Horace Waters, New York.

DOST THOU EVER THINK OF ME, LOVE? Solo and Chorus. Words by FRANCIS S. MURTHA; Music by Mrs. PARKHURST. Published by Horace Waters, New York.

WHEN OLD FRIENDS WERE HERE, and SHE WAS ALL THE WORLD TO ME. The Last Two Songs of the late STEPHEN C. FOSTER. Published by Horace Waters, New York.

HARD TIMES IN DIXIE. Words by M. K. Music by ENGARPA. Published by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio.

THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE. Song and Chorus. Words by Mrs. B. A. PIERSON. Music by ED. P. STRAGUE. Published by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio.

MONIA. Words by JOHN L. JOHNSTON, Esq. Music by L. MATHIAS. Published by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio.

WILL THE NEW YEAR COME TO NIGHT, MAMMA? Music by JAMES PERRY. Published by D. P. Faulds, Louisville, Ky.

SHOOTING ELK.

According to an old saying, the elk-hunter must not only have a firm and steady hand, a sure eye, and a trusty rifle, but he must also be possessed of a hard heart. A dying elk, they say, looks at his murderer in a most reproachful and pitiful manner. I have read of a man who had killed several elks in his time. One day, when out hunting, he came upon a couple, and took aim at the largest one. The ball struck the animal in a mortal part, but it did not immediately fall to the ground. Meanwhile, it kept getting weaker and weaker from loss of blood, which gushed forth from the wound, but still kept its eyes steadily fixed on the man, looking at him in a most reproachful manner. Moved with compassion, he stepped forward to put an end to the poor beast's sufferings with his "tolle kniv," when just as he was going to give the *coup de grace*, the animal cast such a look at him that he was obliged to turn aside till it was dead. Meanwhile, the second elk, as is often the case, had returned to look after its companion. Here was a chance! Two elks in one day is not such a despicable bag to one gun. But the ordeal through which his nerves had recently passed had completely upset him, so that he could not find in his heart to shoot it. Then and there he made a solemn vow that as long as he lived he would never raise gun any more against an elk, for it seemed to him as if he had for all the world been guilty of murder. The memory of the scene haunted him, I suppose, like the killing of the albatross did the "ancient mariner."

☞ A rebel war correspondent (falsely) says, "The war is a huge frolic to the Yankees. They want nothing. There is no sorrow in their camps, or longing for home; and a bloody field is looked on joyously as opening the door to promotion."

☞ "It is remarkable that you are always forgetting my name," said a quasi-acquaintance named Flint. "Why," said Quilp, "it is a deuced hard name to remember."

☞ There is but little difference between a pinch and a punch; it consists of the difference only between *n* and *t*.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer*, *N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Phila.*

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Mrs. LATHROP.
Miss M. M. DUANE.
} Ex-Officio.

A RELIC OF OLD TIMES.

A lady of Philadelphia, Missouri, reading in the SATURDAY EVENING POST of the preparations that were being made for the "Great Central Fair," wrote to the editors, to offer a bed-quilt which had been pieced by her great-grandmother about the time of the battle of Brandywine, of fragments of linen and chintz belonging to the Washington family. Her letter told a touching story of her treatment at the hands of the rebels; her children, aged ten and eleven years, having been taken from her to bind out to Southern men, "to whip the republicanism out of them that their mother was raising them with." She adds: "I believe a Union woman can live in as much comfort in Richmond, Va., as in Philadelphia, Missouri."

The letter was handed over to the Chairman of the Ladies' Committee on Curiosities, Relics, &c., Mrs. James, who opened a correspondence with her, and who has now received the quilt, together with a pair of salt-cellars presented by General Washington to the grandmother of the lady, who freely gave these valuable family relics to be sold for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers of our heroic Union army. The letter accompanying these gifts gives the following history of the quilt:—

"The quilt I send you was commenced at the house of General Washington's mother. When the colonies revolted, my ancestors joined the American party. They were near neighbors of Mrs. Washington. When the war commenced in earnest, the gentlemen raised troops, and the ladies collected at Mrs. Washington's to sew for them. After my great-grandfather Stephens, and his wife's two brothers, Thomas and John Lowel, went with the army, my great-grandmother spent the year with Mrs. Washington, as well as other ladies whose husbands and brothers had all gone to fight for their country. In leisure hours they pieced quilts as keepsakes of each other. This quilt was mostly pieced that winter, and my great-grandmother gave it to my mother, as her eldest grandchild, (for her husband died a soldier's death;) so she lived with her daughter, my grandmother, but died before I can remember.

"When we emigrated to this State, (from Virginia,) in 1831, the boat was wrecked, and our goods got wet. The quilt lay wet so long, mother thought it spoiled. All the cotton calico and lining is from China and India—some of the first imported. Fredericksburg was where the ladies all lived that year, which was the year of the battle of Brandywine. * * * * *

"I raised a Federal flag in 1861, on my house, and kept it there until stolen, and will uphold the same, let them do their worst. If I could see our commanding officer, I think I could get my children; but I can't get money to travel, and so I have to bear it. * * * * *

"I expect that you are surprised that I did not send my gifts to my own State. But I love Pennsylvania; it is a brave Union State. I have many kindred there—the Hopwoods of Uniontown. My father's father went from Fayette county to Virginia, and settled in Loudon county in 1779. He married, for a second wife, Mary Turner, the sister of Turner Ashley's mother. * * * * * *

"In 1861 I was forbidden to take the SATURDAY EVENING POST, as a black republican paper, but I did not obey. My Union friends rejoiced with me in reading a good Union paper, and I saved them all for the poor boys at St. Louis.

"Two rebel horse thieves, armed, visited a little village within eight miles of us this week, and committed four or five murders. One was killed, the other escaped." * * *

Yours, respectfully,

This letter needs no comments. The woman who wrote it is a heroine worthy of the revolutionary blood that courses in her veins. Cannot some steps be taken to restore her children to her?

The Sanitary Commission at Work.

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION, PHILADELPHIA AGENCY, No. 1307 Chestnut st reet, May 11, 1864.—*To the Editor of the Evening Bulletin:*—In this anxious hour, when the condition of those who have been wounded in the late battles is exciting the deepest public sympathy, it may relieve many who have friends in the army, to know what ample measures have been taken by the Sanitary Commission to render that sympathy available to the soldier, in the most speedy, practical and efficient form.

Last week two steamers, each about 300 tons capacity, fully laden with supplies of all kinds, in charge of a large corps of relief agents, were despatched from Baltimore and proceeded to James River, where they follow the movements of General Butler's column.

This morning I have a letter from the Washington office, dated yesterday, which states: "Two Sanitary Commission boats have just left here, one loaded with horses and wagons for the field, the other with good Samaritans, that is relief agents for the field, about 70 in number. Among them are Dr. Douglass, Chief Inspector; Dr. Steiner, Chief of Relief Corps; Mr. Fay, Mayor of Chelsea; Mrs. Husbands and Miss Gilson. They go with abundance of supplies to Aquia Creek, where they expect to go across the country to Fredericksburg.

This auxiliary relief corps is largely composed of clergymen, and of theological students from Princeton, and the two theological seminaries at New York, who have volunteered their services for the emergency. The supplies sent by these four boats are in addition to that now in the field with the army, which are largely beyond precedent. The public may rest assured that nothing for the relief of the wounded which large means, perfect organization and untiring energy can secure, will be neglected by the Commission.

R. M. LEWIS,
General Superintendent.

THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

LADIES' RECEIVING DEPOT.

The Ladies' Committee on Arrangements (Internal) and Reception of Goods, will be in daily attendance from 10 A. M. until 6 P. M., at their depot in the Fair Building, N. E. corner of Logan square, Eighteenth and Vine streets, to receive, record and acknowledge all articles that may be sent. The different railroads and express companies have kindly offered to carry all donations for the Fair free of charge.

MRS GEORGE PLITT, Chairman.

P. S. It is *particularly requested* that the price should be marked upon each article sent.

A NEW PAPER.—The Newspaper Committee of the Great Central Fair will publish a paper, to be called *Our Daily Fare*, during the continuance of the Fair in this city. The contributors will include writers both in this country and Europe. A complete history of the Fair, very full and spirited reports of all current events connected with it, a list of the goods for sale in it, anecdotes setting forth its character, records of the amusements and exhibitions given in its aid, and copious facts illustrative of the Sanitary movement, will be given, to which will be added events and incidents of the battle-field and of the Sanitary Commission, with articles in prose and verse, referring to the war for the Union, the object and experience of the Commission, or to events and incidents connected with the Fairs which have been held in different cities. To this a committee especially appointed for the purpose have added the results of their researches in the form of deeply interesting documents by General Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Lafayette, William Penn, and other great men of our past, never before printed. Among other literary curiosities is promised a curious autobiographic letter by the English novelist Smollett, to an American. Geo. W. Childs is chairman of the Publishing Committee, and Charles Godfrey Leland is to be the chief editor.

DONATIONS.

MONDAY, May 9th, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

PENNSYLVANIA.

Old Pine Street Church, Dr. Brainerd, Mrs. I. C. Farr, Pres't, 1 pkg; School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson, Sec'y, woolen shirts; Ladies' Aid, Penn's Manor, Bucks co., 1 bbl.; Ladies' Aid, Bedford, Bedford co., Miss M. F. Barclay, Sec'y, 1 box; Central Aid, Chester co., Mrs. R. S. Price, Sec'y, 2 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Contourville, Lycoming co., 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna co., Miss E. C. Blackman, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; St. Mark's Lutheran church, Miss E. S. Mayer, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Peterson, 50 flannel shirts; 8 pairs woolen socks, donor unknown; Ladies' Aid, Towanda, Bradford co., Miss Edna Overton, Sec'y, 9 kegs pickles; St. Thomas's church, Mrs. Dorsey, Sec'y, 1 pkg; 1 box reading matter, donor unknown; Soldiers' Aid, Espy, Columbia co., Mrs. M. C. Edgar, 2 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Hillsgrove, Sullivan co., Mrs. M. W. Lippincott, Sec'y, 2 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Danville, Montour co., Miss M. A. Montgomery, 1 box; Mrs. Uhler, School Lane, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Tamaqua, Schuylkill co., R. R. McCabe, boxes Nos. 42 and 43; Ladies' Aid, North Jackson, Mrs. P. Hall, Sec'y, 2 bbls.; Church of the Holy Trinity, Mrs. Bucknell, 1 pkg.; St. Stephen's church, Mrs Wm. Rudder, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, Pottstown, Montgomery co., Anna F. Steele, Sec'y, 1 box; N. and E. Coventry Soldiers' Aid, Montgomery co., Miss Olivia Wells, Sec'y, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Lewisburg, Union co., Mrs. Dr. Dickson, Sec'y, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Glenwood, Susquehanna co., Miss Jessie Hardey, Sec'y, 1 bbl; Mrs. Jacob Carver, 1637 Locust st., 1 pkg.; 16th and Filbert St. Hospital, 1 demijohn.

NEW JERSEY.

Ladies' Aid, May's Landing, Mrs. Mary Taylor, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Bordentown, Mrs. Lydia Carstlake Sec'y, 2 boxes.

DELAWARE.

Ladies' Aid, New Castle, Miss Stockton, Sec'y, 1 box.

A FRUITFUL VINE.

In the Harleian MSS. we find mention made of a certain Scottish weaver who had no less than sixty-two children, and all by one wife. This family included four daughters, who lived to be women, and the rest of the three-score and two were boys, who all lived to be baptised. Out of these, forty-six actually reached man's estate. The writer, one Thomas Gibbons, adds, that during the time of this fruitfulness on the part of the wife, the husband was absent for some five years in the Low Countries, where he served under Captain Selby; and that after his return home his wife was again delivered of three children at a birth, and "continued in her due time in such births" until she ceased childbearing. The informant of Mr. Gibbons was John Delaval, Esq., of Northumberland, who was high sheriff of that county in 1625, and who, in 1630, rode from Newcastle to a place about thirty miles beyond Edinburgh to see this worthy and fruitful couple. Mr. Delaval, however, did not find any of the children then residing with their parents, though three or four of them were living at Newcastle at the time. It appears that Sir John Bowes, and other wealthy Northumbrian "gentlemen of quality," adopted and brought up the children in batches of ten and twelve a piece, and that the residue were "disposed of" by others among the Scottish and English gentlemen of the Border Country.—*Once a Week.*

☞ Lord Erskine having lived a bachelor to an advanced age finally married his cook for the purpose of securing her services, as she had frequently threatened to leave him. After becoming Lady Erskine, she lost all knowledge of cookery, and it was a mortal affront to hint the possibility of her knowing how any sort of eatables were prepared for the table.

TWO CELEBRATED BEAUTIES.

In reading English memoirs of the last century, we have often met with allusions to the "beautiful Miss Gunnings," who were as famous for their charms in those days as Helen of old, in Greece. We extract from a recent English magazine, a gossipy account of their career, which we have no doubt is as true as any of the history of the times. The ladies referred to were daughters of John Gunning, Esq., an Irish gentleman in comparatively humble circumstances, and were educated accordingly. Their brother became a major-general in the army, and was knighted. Our extract commences with their first entry into the circles of London society.

By-and-by the two belles, now grown up, were taken over to London, and almost instantly caused a success and sensation, for which a parallel, in that department, can scarcely be found. They had no fortune, they had slender connections; but fashion in these days was more or less republican. In a society a little wild and frank in tone, and where men of the stamp of Lord March, Selwyn, Mr. Wilkes, and Sir Francis Dashwood were leaders, the claims of dazzling beauty were not to be resisted. They took the town by storm. They burst upon the metropolis in the early months of the year 1751. Walpole, that most full and delightful chronicler, made this appearance a leading item in his next budget for Florence. The wranglings of ministers, he wrote to his friend, were regarded with utter indifference. The Miss Gunnings were in everybody's mouth, "being twenty times" more talked of than the Newcastle family and Lord Granville. These, he says, are "two Irish girls of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive. I think," says the critical Horace, "there being *two* so handsome and of such perfect figures is their chief excellence, for singly I have seen much handsomer women than either."

Many stories flutter about as to their first entry on the gay London social boards. Mrs. Gunning was not likely to step from Great Britain Street into the Mayfair of these days, without some miracle of fashionable society being specially worked for her. One legend was, that some cruel wag sent them sham cards for a great lady's masquerade, but which the Irish mother was skilful enough to detect, and which she "improved" with the wit and daring of her country. She waited on the noble lady in person, taking care to bring with her one of her matchless daughters. She told of her false card. The eyes of the noble lady were upon the daughter. She thought of her masquerade, and, as may be imagined, substituted a genuine for the forged invitation.

The new belles received a share of homage that was almost inconvenient, for when they went forth upon the public prado, and took the air in the parks at fashionable hours, they were attended by such admiring crowds that it soon became impossible to enjoy that pastime. The public admiration was not restrained by any feeling of delicacy, and was perhaps the more acceptable as an honest testimonial. That was in June. In August they were still cynosures, and "make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen." No wonder Mrs. Montague spoke of them as "those goddesses the Gunnings."

But their fresh Irish *naivete*, and, it must be said, rough *brusquerie*, laid them open to all manner of strange stories and ill-natured remarks. An odd legend went round the clubs. They went down to see the paintings at Hampton Court; and having passed into what is called the Beauty Room, where are the questionable shepherdesses of King Charles, they heard the housekeeper show another company in with this introduction, "Ladies, here are the Beauties." The wild pair, assuming this to be directed to themselves, flew into a violent rage, asked her what she meant—that they came to see the palace and paintings, not to be shown themselves.

They were in the best society. About Christmas in the same year, it was not surprising that each should have a distinguished admirer. James, Duke of Hamilton, a wild rose Scotch nobleman, "equally damaged in his fortune and person" says the bitter Horace, met her at a masquerade, and fell desperately in love with Elizabeth, the younger. Lord Coventry, "a grave young lord of the patriot breed," was the professed admirer of the other. Everybody watched the progress of the business eagerly. She and her mother played a bold but skilful game. They appeared everywhere with the noble suitor. When he had to move the address in the House of Lords, the brilliant Irish girl sat beside him, and thus caused him to be agitated by the two passions of fear and love. Her mother told Lord Granville afterwards that "the poor girl" was near fainting with agitation. The duke vaguely proposed marriage some time in the spring. Lord Chesterfield presently gave a magnificent assembly, at which every person of quality was present, who were to be amused with the spectacle of the duke's frantic courtship. He sat at one end of the room, and played faro and carried on a disorderly flirtation with the young beauty who was at the other end. Three hundred pounds was on each card; so in a very short time by these tactics he was a loser of nearly a thousand pounds. The Hon. Horace Walpole was among the company, taking sarcastic notes. "I was so little a professor in love that I thought all this parade looked ill for the poor girl, and could not conceive, if he was so much engaged with his mistress as to disregard such sums, why he played at all."

Two nights afterwards, the strange *denouement* came about. Her mother and sister were away at Bedford House, and the duke found himself alone with the famous belle. A sudden ardor—whether of wine or affection—seized on him, and he insisted on having the ceremony performed at once, and on the spot. A parson was promptly sent for, but, on arriving, refused to officiate without the important essentials of a license or a ring, neither of which had been thought of. The duke swore, and talked of calling in the archbishop. Finally, the parson's scruples gave way before his impatience; the license was overlooked, and the lack of the traditional gold ring was happily supplied by the *ring of a bed curtain!* The ardent duke was at last lawfully married, at midnight in Mayfair Chapel. This adventure threw all London into an uproar. The Scotch were furious; "the women mad that so much beauty has had its effect," (thus the bitter Horace;) and, better than all, it had a stimulating effect on the admirers of her sister, for Lord Coventry at once gave out that he intended marrying the sister; and within three weeks, on the 5th of March, 1752, she was, according to the suitable phrase, "led to the hymeneal altar." This rise in their fortunes brought about a perfect *furore*, both of curiosity and enthusiasm. The public, who had crowded before to see them as "the Gunnings," with the true instinct of a mob, became frantic to see them again in their new and higher station. We see in the old music-books a Lady Coventry's minuet. When the duchess was presented at court, the noble persons at St. James' actually climbed up on the tables and chairs to have a good stare, like a mere vulgar crowd. When they came out to their chairs to go to parties, they found immense mobs gathered. There was a rush to take places at the theatres if it became known they were going. The critics, however, were not unanimous. The Duchess of Somerset thought her "too tall to be genteel, and her face out of proportion to her height."

Her dress, too, was thought rather to savor of the ballet than of an English lady of quality. To the Duchess, Lady Di Egerton and Mrs. Selwyn appeared quite as pretty and a good deal more modest.

In a few weeks their lords took them down to their respective castles, and "one hears no more about them," save this simple fact, which amounted to a good deal, that when the duchess put up one night at a Yorkshire inn, no less than seven hundred people sat up all night round it to see her get into her post-chaise in the morning! She was always good-natured, and gave Tate Wilkinson benefits at his theatre.

When the season came round again, there were no signs of a reaction. But a new beauty had appeared in the horizon, and comparisons began to be made. The world was talking of Lady Caroline Petersham. Mrs. Greenville, writing to her husband, tells him, in a little bit of gossip, that the "Morocco ambassador"—whose standard of beauty, however, would have been directed by barbaric canons—actually preferred Lady Caroline to Lady Coventry. Both were now being taken over to another metropolis, to confound our hereditary enemies—or allies?—in their own capital. The Gunning went with a vast prestige. A lucky shoemaker of Worcester was making her a pair of shoes, and actually "turned" two guineas and a half, in pennies, for showing them! Still the old *gaudieris* was not softened down; rather it became more conspicuous by their high position; and the ill-natured public indemnified itself for its insane freaks of admiration by circulating all manner of what are called "*sprapsticos*." "I can't say," even Mr. Walpole must admit, "her genius is equal to her beauty." It would be unreasonable to expect such a combination.

Looking at the brilliant mezzotint which once hung in the print-shops, we can gather a faint notion of those wonderful charms which once so dazzled the London lieges. Something very bright, very spiritual, very dazzling; but what all agree was the greater charm, is, of course, lost. This was the extraordinary play of expression, which comes from wild spirits, and which may still be seen in many Irish girls. Mrs. Delany saw her often, and noted this special attraction. "She has a thousand dimples and pretinesses in her cheeks, her eyes a little drooping at the corners, but fine for all that; she has a thousand airs, but with a sort of humor that diverts me." There was a good dash of the boyden about her, with some of that polite sauciness which is more or less the titular belle's prerogative.

☞ A piano affords a young lady a chance to show her fingering and her fingering.

☞ Absolute, peremptory facts are bullies, and those who keep company with them are apt to get a bullying habit of mind.

A GREAT WEEK.

Last week was full of the most momentous tidings—nearly all of the most encouraging kind. Let us briefly recapitulate:

On Monday we had accounts of Grant's great Virginia battles during Thursday and Friday previous; Sherman's arrival at Tunnel Hill; Johnston's retreat from Buzzard Roost, and Steele's arrival at Little Rock.

Tuesday gave us more particulars concerning Grant's onward march and pursuit of Lee, and a Presidential proclamation for thank-giving over victory.

Wednesday brought tidings from Grant; the fight at Spottsylvania; rebel communications with Richmond nearly all severed; Beauregard driven back by Butler; the repulse of the ram Albemarle; the rebel repulse at Newbern, and McPherson's march into the rear of Dalton.

Thursday heralded the growing victory of Grant, and brought an official confirmation of victory on the ensanguined banks of the Po.

Friday told that the Army of the Potomac had another severe battle on Thursday. Hancock made the attack at daylight, forcing the first, and then the second line of the enemy's works, capturing the whole of Edward Johnson's division, and part of Early's, together with Major General Johnson, Gen. Stuart, and thirty cannon. General Burnside, on the extreme left, opened at the same time with General Hancock, and advanced with comparatively little opposition. Gen. Wright's and Gen. Warren's Corps were also engaged. An official despatch from General Grant states that between three or four thousand prisoners were captured. Grant also says that we have lost no organization, not even a company.

Saturday brought us word that Mr. Dana, the Assistant Secretary of War, telegraphed from Spottsylvania at eight o'clock on Friday, that Lee had abandoned his position during the night, but whether to occupy a new one or to make a thorough retreat was not known. A division of Wright's and one of Hancock's Corps set out to determine the matter, and at 7 30 A. M. came upon the rebel rear-guard. Lee's departure inspired the men with fresh energy, and the whole force was soon to move. The proportion of severely wounded on Thursday was much greater than in previous engagements, owing to the use of artillery. Secretary Stanton announced that reinforcements are going forward.

From General Butler an official dispatch dated Thursday afternoon was also received. He stated that he was pressing the enemy near Fort Darling. General Gillmore held the intrenchments, while Smith demonstrated upon Drury's Bluff and the rebel lines. General Kautz had been sent to cut the Danville Railroad near Appomattox station. An unofficial dispatch, dated at nine o'clock on Thursday night, stated that the whole force moved on the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, and at noon found the enemy intrenched. The 10th New Hampshire charged and drove the rebels from the intrenchments. There was skirmishing all the afternoon, but no general engagement took place. A number of prisoners were captured.

From Cincinnati we also had a statement that Gen. Johnson had evacuated Dalton, Ga., and our forces now occupied the place.

We also heard that Sigel, with his column, had cut the other great railroad in Lee's rear between Charlottesville and Lynchburg.

And, on the other side, a rumor that Banks was retreating through Louisiana by land to New Orleans.

GREAT BRAINS IN SMALL BODIES.

It is curious to remark how unwilling people generally are to believe that a person by much too short for a grenadier may yet be a great man. It is at least equally curious to note the delight which nature seems to take in iterating and reiterating the fact that a very large proportion of the intellect of the age just passed away was lodged with men who fell short of the middle size. Napoleon was, scarcely five feet six inches in height, and so very slim in early life as to be well nigh lost in his boots and his uniform. Byron was no taller. Lord Jeffrey was not so tall. Campbell and Moore were still shorter than Jeffery, and Wilberforce was a less man than any of them. The same remark has been made of the great minds of England who flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century. One very remarkable instance we may perhaps exhibit to the reader in a new aspect.

In the August of 1790, some workmen engaged in repairing the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, found under the floor of the chancel an old coffin, which, as shown by the sexton's register, had rested there undisturbed for a hundred and sixteen years. For a grown person it was a very small one. Its length did not exceed five feet ten inches, and it measured only sixteen inches across at the broadest part. The body almost invariably stretches after death, so that the bodies of females of the middle stature and under require coffins of at least equal length; and the breadth, even outside, did not come fully to the average breadth of shoulders in adults. Whose remains rested in that wasted old coffin?

Those of a man the most truly masculine in his cast of mind, and the most gigantic in intellect, which Britain or the world ever produced—the defender of the rights of the people of England; as a scholar, first among the learned of Europe; as a poet, not only more sublime than any other uninspired writer, but, as has been justly said, more fertile in true sublimities than all other uninspired writers put together. The small old coffin disinterred from out the chancel of St. Giles contained the remains of that John Milton who died at his house in Bunhill Fields in the winter of 1674—the all-powerful controversialist, who in the cause of the people, crushed the learned Salmasius full in the view of Europe—the poet who produced the "Paradise Lost."—*Miller's Headship of Christ.*

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac we have some further details of the fighting of Thursday, day and night. The battle is acknowledged to be the heaviest of all, lasting from daylight till after dark, renewed about nine o'clock, P. M., and continued until near three A. M. on Friday. On Friday General Meade issued a spirited congratulatory address to his army. Seven thousand five hundred prisoners captured by the army arrived at Belle Plain on Friday.

WASHINGTON, May 15, midnight.—Despatches from General Grant have been received down to seven o'clock this morning. There had been no engagement for the last two days.

Gen. Sheridan's cavalry expedition has been officially heard from, via Fortress Monroe. The expedition has made an extensive and brilliant raid in the rear of Lee's army. At Beaver Dam three large trains of cars, two locomotives, and a million and a half of rebel rations were destroyed. Also the telegraph and railroad track for about ten miles. On the 11th Ashland Station was captured, and more cars, locomotives, railroad track, &c., were destroyed. At Yellow Tavern on the 11th there was an obstinate fight with Stuart's cavalry, but the rebels were finally driven back four miles towards Ashland, and two pieces of artillery were captured. While this fight was in progress, a party charged and captured the first line of works around Richmond. A demonstration was made against the other works, but they were found to be very strong, and the intention of assaulting them was given up. Our forces re-crossed the Chickahominy. The enemy made a sally from their second line of works, but after a severe contest were repulsed and driven back again. On the 13th the march was resumed, and our forces encamped at Bottom's Bridge. The total loss will not exceed 350 in killed and wounded, and 100 in horses. Several bridges on the Virginia Central Railroad were destroyed. The rebel Gen. J. E. B. Stuart is reported by the Richmond papers to have been killed in battle. This no doubt happened in the fight at Yellow Tavern. Gen. Sheridan has formed a junction with Gen. Butler.

General Butler has sent to the War Department official dispatches, dated Half-way House, on Saturday morning. He was then before Drury's Bluff. On Friday evening, Gen. Gillmore, by a flank movement, assaulted and took the enemy's works on their right. On Saturday morning at eight o'clock, General Smith carried the first line on the right of the rebels, with but small loss. The rebels retired into three square redoubts, upon which our artillery was playing at the close of the dispatches.

General Schofield had a fight of four hours on the 4th, at Bull's Gap, near Morristown, in East Tennessee. The rebels retreated, and the Union troops, at last advices, were pursuing them into North Carolina.

Gen. Sherman has officially notified the War Department of the evacuation of Dalton, and states that our forces are in the rear and on the flank of the rebels. A despatch from Cincinnati says that Gen. Thomas took Dalton and captured about 5,000 prisoners and 10 or 12 pieces of artillery. The rebels have retreated in some disorder to Resaca and Rome.

Gen. Sigel has officially reported himself at Woodstock, Virginia. The rumor that he has broken the railroad between Lynchburg and Charlottesville is untrue.

Advices from Red River, via Cairo, state that the rebels have constructed at least three batteries on Red river, between its mouth and Alexandria. General McClernand was soon to reinforce General Banks.

WHAT TO CALL HIM.

"Is the A long or short?" says a swell to his pal.

"Why, the rule is as plain as your nose, or a steeple;

Gari-*bal*-di when Duchesses give him a *ball*;
Gari-*bawl*-di when up goes the shout of the people." —*Punch.*

☞ A lady in an omnibus at Washington, espied the great unfinished dome of the capitol, and said innocently, "I suppose those are the gas works?" "Yes, madam, for the nation," was the reply of a fellow-passenger.

☞ Women can keep a secret; but it generally takes a good many of them to do it.

☞ The loveliest faces are to be seen by moonlight, when one sees half with the eye and half with the fancy.

☞ If men will but amuse the world, it will freely forgive them for cheating it.

☞ It not unfrequently happens that manners are best learned from the unmannerly.

☞ The coquette who wins and sacks lovers, would, if she were a military conqueror, win and sack cities.

☞ A report of the Ashburton Coal Co., located in Schuylkill, Pa., says that each colliery, when worked to the best advantage, will produce 75,000 tons of marketable coal annually, making the aggregate yield of the mines 450 000 tons. *The cost of mining will be about* $1.30 *per ton, and the transportation to the New York market about* $2.00, *making its cost per ton in New York about* $4.30. The selling price of coal in New York to-day is $9 50 per ton, showing, if this report can be relied upon, a clear profit of $5 30 per ton.

☞ Morrow's Library is the Mullie of Dublin, and the Rev. Mr Day a popular preacher. "How inconsistent," said the late Archbishop Whately, "is the piety of certain ladies here. They go to *day* for a sermon, and to *morrow* for a novel!"

☞ So great is the emigration now going on from Europe to this country, that the emigrants have to secure their passage a long time before the day of sailing.

☞ The world has a million of roosts for a man, but only one nest—home.

MAY.

Once more the blooming May, with noiseless feet,
Comes to our presence in her sweetest strain;
And nature wakes beneath her influence sweet
To new-born life and loveliness again.
Close following dreary April showers,
She, smiling, wends her bright and joyous way,
And all the hilltops, crowned with flowers,
Join in one welcome to the merry May.

We hear her music in the songbird's lay,
We feel her presence in the balmy breeze,
The field and woodland her warm smiles betray,
Her tresses wave from all the lofty trees.
We hear her greeting in the babbling rill,
Unchained from winter's cold and icy sway;
And o'er the cattle, grazing on the hill,
Their silent welcome give to blooming May.

The south wind's fragrant breath among the flowers
Sheds their sweet perfume on the sultry air,
And tells the coming of bright summer hours,
And golden harvests in the autumn fair.
The sparkling dew-drop on the verdant fields
Melts in the morning sun and disappears;
And smiling May her mellow sunshine yields,
When weeping April sheds her balmy tears.

We gladly greet thee, maiden month of May,
We love thy sunny smile and warm caress,
And for the coming of thy festal day
Fair Nature dons her fairest, richest dress;
We love to stroll beneath the May-day sun,
And gather flowers from the verdant sod,
For, in their fragrance, there's the smile of one,
The Author of all beauty, Nature's God.

A WHIM AND A WRINKLE.

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

—*Marquis of Montrose.*

The Comtesse de Briancourt was a widow.

The Comtesse de Briancourt was a young widow—a wealthy widow—a beautiful widow! As it is seldom any one woman possesses such a combination of attractions, it is no wonder that all Paris was eager to throw itself at her feet; that poets sang of her charms, that painters loved to imitate them upon canvas, that "eligible young men" raved of them, that gentlemen "of a certain age" professed to dream of them! The Comtesse de Briancourt was a celebrity—a Venus at whose shrine both youth and age were content to bow.

Youth, wealth, and beauty! Three rarest gifts of Fortune. What more can a woman—and a woman who is a widow—desire to insure her happiness? Youth, to enjoy the applause which her beauty demands and her wealth extorts; beauty, which elevates, ennobles, and, as it were, consecrates wealth; wealth, which does so much for the adornment and preservation of beauty. I know many persons who would be excessively contented with *one* of these blessings, to say nothing of *three*. It is all very well for Mr. Pope to declare that "virtue alone is happiness below." Ask Amanda whether she would be satisfied with so sorry a substitute for those dark eyes and odorous tresses now the constant delight of Cornet Plantagenet Jones?"

Yet youth, wealth, and beauty were not sufficient to render happy the Comtesse de Briancourt. Her physician said her nerves were at fault. Her maid protested that it was late hours and long dances. Her friends declared it was her excess of sensibility. She herself complained that she was pining for want of sympathy; that "in all the wide world there was no heart attuned to her own, which could comprehend her aspirations and soothe her sorrows."

It is my belief that the Comtesse de Briancourt was in love!

In love? Yes—for love does not always have that tranquillizing influence ascribed to it by poets and romancists. Its eyes are not always looking through rose-colored spectacles. It often breeds in the mind a restless dissatisfaction with everything; the heart having nothing more to hope for, satiety seizes upon it, and the poor victim looks around despairingly for a new excitement. And this, I take it, is the reason that love, at first, is so prone to verge upon jealousy.

The sun was already near the zenith, and its orient beams were flooding with golden brilliancy the boudoir of the Comtesse de Briancourt, when—when—hang it! I know I should break down—the heroics always overpower me. I mean to say that it was nearly noon on a certain day in July, 1754, when the Comtesse de Briancourt sat down before her looking-glass to attire her fair person, scrutinize her charms, and listen to the scandal of Paris as retailed by her *fille de-chambre*. I know so little of the mysteries of a fine lady's toilette! Heaven be praised for my ignorance! that I shall not weary the reader with endless details of cosmetiques and pomades, essences, patches, ribbons, laces, or plumes. Besides, as the Comtesse de Briancourt never admitted the world into her dressing-room, what right have I to obtrude the reader upon its privacy?

Her toilette completed, the comtesse—still attended by Lisette—moved into the adjoining chamber, and surveyed with innocent gratification the wonderful work of Art and Nature reflected in the large mirror before which she displayed herself. Art had done much, but nature had done more. Nature alone had given those abundant tresses of raven blackness, those large eloquent eyes, those rosy budding lips, that symmetrical figure, which combined the stateliness of a queen with the natural grace of a Greek beauty. Art, it is true, had arranged the tresses with exquisite taste and draped the figure with becoming robes, and, for my part, I believe it to be the duty of a lovely woman to do all she can to heighten and preserve her loveliness. Her beauty is a precious gift which she must not deal with lightly. To the world she is a splendid picture—a wonderful sculpture—a masterpiece, whose contemplation has in it a rare and peculiar pleasure.

"Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sense of man and all his mind possesses."

But while the Comtesse de Briancourt surveyed herself in her mirror, a sudden fear took possession of her soul. She called Lisette.

"Lisette! Is it true? Can it—can it be—?"

"*Ciel*, madame, you frighten me? What is the matter?"

"Look, look, Lisette! Here—over my right eyebrow, and near the temple; is it—is it—*a wrinkle?*"

Lisette looked carefully at the charming forehead bowed down before her, and, after a painful scrutiny, detected just a *line* on its smooth and glittering skin, as if Time had not had the heart to complete the envious work which in some unlucky moment he had but begun. Lisette was compelled to acknowledge that a wrinkle *was* just perceptible to the eye of jealousy, but she doubted whether it would be visible to the kinder gaze of Love.

The Comtesse de Briancourt flung herself into the nearest *fauteuil*, and sighed deeply.

Lisette applied to her eyes a daintily-embroidered handkerchief.

"I must marry," said the Comtesse de Briancourt, "before the few charms have faded which can insure me a lover. This wrinkle is a warning which I dare not neglect! No fate is more deplorable than that of a *ci-devant* beauty who resorts to trickery and artifice to preserve but a semblance of the worship which was once offered her as her right. I must marry, Lisette—but whom?"

"Who indeed, madame?" said Lisette; "I know no one worthy of you."

"We women always fling ourselves away, Lisette; self-sacrifice is our privilege and our duty."

"Nevertheless, among the thousand adorers who live upon madame's smiles, there may be one who has had the good fortune to please her."

The comtesse blushed. The comtesse smiled. After the blush and the smile came—a sigh. Our fair readers can, perhaps, determine for themselves what these symptoms portended. Lisette read them her own way, and continued—

"I know, at least, of *one* true heart which beats only for madame!—lives but in the sunshine of her favor—basks in—"

"Silence, Lisette! I detest these commonplaces of *bourgeois* lovers. Whom would you have me believe so faithful and disinterested?"

"The Vicomte de Mauprat," replied the *soubrette*, with a slight smile, and curiously observing the warm color which suddenly spread over the snowy bosom and delicate cheeks of the comtesse. "Ah! he is a true man. He has the *air noble* and the elevated soul! Such generosity! Such honor! And, *ciel*, such a face and figure!"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted the comtesse, though her sparkling eyes belied her words; "let me hear no more of this monster of perfection. One would think that every one else in the world was ignorant of my existence."

"Nay, nay, madame," said Lisette; "there is Monsieur Paul Duchesne, the *fermier-general;* he is only sixty, and very wealthy. Besides, he is dropsical, and is constantly afflicted with the gout. Madame would make an admirable nurse!"

The comtesse frowned.

"Then there is the Baron d'Albret, who is sure to make a good husband. He takes such care of everything belonging to him that he will take care of you, madame, when you are a part of his property. And the Marquis de Lautrennais—handsome certainly, but then, his temper! *Mon Dieu!* I would sooner marry a volcano! But madame is silent—madame smiles—can it be the marquis whom she condescends to—?"

"Yes, Lisette," exclaimed the comtesse, with a sudden energy, "you are right; it *is* the marquis." She continued to herself, as she hurriedly paced the room: "The vicomte passed me yesterday without a glance or sign of recognition. He cannot love me! He has trifled with my heart, but he shall see how calm, how indifferent I am! I will marry the marquis, and when I meet M. le Vicomte at court I will annihilate him with my superb disdain. Yes, Lisette, I am resolved. I will write to my suitors and acquaint them with their fate."

She seated herself at her writing-table, but her hands trembled and her lips quivered. It was some moments before she could compose herself sufficiently to execute her task. Lisette looked on in silence at a drama whose purpose she could not comprehend.

The comtesse wrote three letters—two of courteous dismissal to the *fermier general* and the Vicomte de Mauprat, (I am not sure but that the latter was moistened with the hot tears of wounded pride and slighted affection) To the marquis she wrote as follows:

"If your love for me be as true as you would have me believe, if your affection be worthy of me and yourself, I will no longer refuse to listen to you. I write in doubt, in fear, in hesitation; it is for you to reassure me. I shall be at home and alone this evening. MELANIE."

Just as she had finished the last of her missives, the Marquise de Nardillac was announced, and the comtesse hurriedly entrusted the three fatal *billets* to Lisette, with directions to enclose and address them properly and forward them without delay. She turned to receive her visitor, and Lisette quitted the *salon*.

We will quit it with her, for the conversation of two pretty women, however interesting to themselves, has seldom much attraction for a masculine listener.

Lisette read the letters with the curiosity proper to a lady's maid, and was ill pleased with their contents. She really loved the comtesse, and had a strong *penchant* for the liberal and handsome De Mauprat. She was, besides, too shrewd a woman not to understand that her mistress had acted on a mere whim, a momentary pique, and that her folly could not but lead to a long and perhaps unavailing repentance. It was her duty, she conceived, to prevent an issue so disastrous; and accordingly she placed the letters in fresh enclosures, and directed them after her own ideas of propriety. Her next step was to summon Francois—a domestic of considerable ingenuity and more than ordinary good looks, between whom and herself tender relations had long been established—and despatch him with the three missives, particularly enjoining him to observe in what manner each gentleman received his *billet*. These preliminaries effected, Lisette resigned herself to a many-volumed romance by Mademoiselle de Scuderi, and—the Fates!

An hour had elapsed, and from the land of romance she had insensibly passed into the land of dreams, when Francois returned from his mission.

Lisette woke up with a start, rubbed her eyes, sighed deeply at the sudden overthrow of a delicious *chateau d'Espagne*, whose erection had beguiled her slumbers, and demanded how he had fared.

He had found, he said, the Marquis de Lautrennais engaged with his tailor. He read the note, smiled, hummed a tune, twisted the note into a paper-light for his cigar, and bade Francois inform the comtesse that he was going to marry the Baronne de Liancourt that day fortnight.

"Execrable coxcomb!" exclaimed Lisette. "And the *fermier-general?*"

M. Paul Duchesne was busily engaged over a ponderous ledger, summing up his last year's gains. When he had finished the perusal of his *billet*, he shut up his ledger, rubbed his hands, sprang off his stool, and kicked Francois out of the room, declaring that he was the most fortunate of men!

"What have I done?" cried Lisette, and continued eagerly—"The Vicomte de Mauprat? Quick, Francois! What of him?"

He read the note with a changing cheek, and seemed incapable of speech. Then, as if smitten to the heart, he hastily put on his hat, took up his sword, and rushed out into the street—*whither* Francois was unable to say, but surmised that the unfortunate noble's body would next day be found in the Morgue.

"*Mon Dieu!*" sighed poor Lisette; "*je suis desole!* I am heart-broken! I am undone! I have married my mistress to a dropsical old miser, who will be continually thrusting his gouty toe into all her pleasures! And the unfortunate vicomte!—so handsome!—so generous! Francois, I will poison myself—I will poison M. Paul Duchesne!"

Let us leave Lisette to the tender consolations of her Francois. They proved so far successful that she was able to attend her mistress at her evening reception, though her brow was heavy with disastrous meaning.

It was evening—the eventful evening which was to decide the fate of the Comtesse de Briancourt.

The beautiful widow reclined on a luxurious settee in that half light which is so admirably adapted to subdue, and, therefore, enhance the charms of an evening toilette. Her face, however, was very pale, and her bright eyes ever and anon were dimmed with sudden tears. She had already repented of her decision; already she regretted the whim which would bestow her hand on one whom she felt she did not love. The vision of De Mauprat—gallant, handsome, noble-hearted, and devoted—*would* obtrude itself upon her, and she confessed to herself that her choice had been one which would involve the penalty of a life-long suffering and an unavailing repentance.

Lisette was seated near her—as pale as her mistress—half afraid, yet half desirous to confess the deception of which she had been guilty.

Suddenly a step was heard upon the stairs, and the door opened. The comtesse sank back upon her settee, and Lisette resolutely closed her eyes.

The new comer advanced with a noiseless step, knelt by the beauty's side, took her hand, pressed it respectfully to his lips, and exclaimed—

"Melanie, may I hope? May I trust to deserve thy love? Am I not deceiving myself? Speak, dearest, or let me die!"

It was the voice of Vicomte de Mauprat.

Lisette opened her eyes, and opened them very wide, while her heart beat with a sensation of intense relief.

The comtesse was surprised but equally delighted. She could not understand how so fortunate a *denouement* had been brought about, but accepted it with tranquil satisfaction, and her reply to her lover's impassioned prayers was such as to render him not the least happy of the trio.

In the course of the evening the comtesse received two letters: one from the marquis, insolent and defiant; the other from the *fermier general* announcing his approaching marriage with a celebrated *figurante*, who, having grown weary of her lovers, was now desirous of uniting herself to a wealthy husband. She wisely put both letters in the fire, and in a fortnight after became the Vicomtesse de Mauprat.

But it is not every lady who has a Lisette to regulate the delivery of her love-letters. Lest not this "ower true" narrative, therefore, encourage our fair readers, out of fear of a wrinkle, to indulge in a whim, lest the consequences should be more disastrous to them than they were to Melanie, Comtesse de Briancourt!

AUNT RUTH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY M. J. A.

Dear Aunt Ruth! How well I remember her. She was not really my aunt at all, but I always called her so because her relatives, with whom I associated a great deal, did. A homely, cheery woman, with a spotless white kerchief crossed over her ample, motherly bosom, and always a kiss and smile for me when we met. A plain woman in dress and face and manner—not polished up to the modern standard of gentility—but never coarse or uncouth; not learned, save in the great law of human kindness and the commands of her divine master. Ah me! if I was only half as sure of Heaven as Aunt Ruth I should be a happy woman. With her religion was not a stern duty—a rigid penance, to be performed because one *must* do it to save their soul from eternal punishment, but a spontaneous expression of love and trust in an all-wise and infinite helper, a going out of her whole heart in gratitude and reverence.

I do not think I have ever known a more cheerful person. Many and many a hearty laugh her nieces and I have had over the quaint speeches and lively sallies that made Aunt Ruth's society wonderfully attractive to us young women, and not less so to our elders, and the opposite sex as well. By each and all it was "Aunt Ruth" always, and by each and all she was liked and loved.

Aunt Ruth was a widow with only two children, both sons. One of these was still at the East when I became acquainted with her. The other, the younger, had come to the West to better his fortune. This one was Aunt's Ruth's darling, and at his suggestion she sold her home and everything that she possessed in Virginia and came to live with him. He was a good-natured young man, with more vanity than sound sense or discretion, but college bred, thanks to the exertions of his mother, a fluent speaker, if not a profound thinker, and at the time of my acquaintance with him a candidate for the ministry. Dearly as Aunt Ruth loved this son the great grief of her life was connected with him. He made a low marriage. It was not that the bride was poor—Aunt Ruth had always been a hard-working woman, and did not despise poverty—but this new daughter-in-law was artful, intriguing, and a member of a disreputable family.

Aunt Ruth knew nothing of this till it was too late to retrace her steps; and when her money was all gone, nearly every dollar of it for the benefit of her son's family—for he was no manager—then the old mother in-law was unwelcome, and the troubles began in earnest. To Aunt Ruth, proud and honest, it was gall and wormwood to associate with the in-no way respectable people who came to her son's house on the familiar footing of relatives and intimate friends of the son's wife.

Poor Aunt Ruth! I have seen her cry like a child at thought of the degradation that had come upon her in her old days. It made my heart ache, for it is the most desolate thing in the world to see old age weeping in utter despair. What the end will be I do not know. She is far enough from me now, and I seldom hear from her; but in the quiet evenings, in the pleasant days of spring, I often think of her and wonder whether her sun is to set in darkness, or whether some gleam of hope may not at the last light up her sky, and after all "her last days be her best days." God grant it!

THE CONVERTED PUGILIST.

"That reminds me of a thing that happened to Dick and myself in London, two years ago," said Harry, laughing. "We were taking a walk in a rather bad part of London one day, when we heard an altercation going on, and among the voices we distinguished an unmistakable Down East one. You would have known that it hailed from Connecticut, if you had heard it half-way up the great pyramid of Cheops; and as Jonathan appeared to be in the minority, we stepped into the crowd to see what was the cause of the row. In the centre of a crowd of vagabonds, of which a thumping big drayman appeared to be the leader, was a long, slab-sided Yankee, six feet two in his boots, dressed in his go-to-meeting clothes, with an awfully stiff, shiny hat on. The crowd seemed very anxious to immolate him, while he was loud in his assertions of arrest if they touched him.

"We asked our countryman the cause of the tumult. He said he was going quietly along, when a drunken fellow ran against him and tried to push him off the side-walk. That finding he couldn't do it, he'd struck at him and pegged his hand to pieces on his 'umbrel', and that 'cause he'd done so them chaps wanted to lick him.

"'If you say you'll fight me and not take the law of me, I'll knock your head off,' growled the big drayman.

"'I'll take you up if you tech me,' said Jonathan. 'I'm a peaceable man, and I want you to leave me alone.'

"We interfered, tried to pacify the reprobates, and succeeded in some degree, whereupon Jonathan said he couldn't stay no longer, bid us good-day and tramped off, forgetting his umbrella, which was a fortunate occurrence for us.

"We walked off, but as ill-luck would have it, a young scoundrel about eight years old, having a natural antipathy to clean pants, threw a handful of mud upon Dick's unwhisperables, to which Dick responded with a pelt from his cane, which made the young reptile howl merrily.

"In an instant we heard an awful imprecation, followed by 'hit my boy, will you?' and, turning, we saw the big drayman on a dead run for us, followed by the crowd which we had just left behind.

"We were in for a terrible pounding, that was plain. Escape was impossible, so we faced the music. They seemed a little afraid of Dick's stick, and came on in a half circle, preparing to make a grand rush together. Just at this moment into the circle, to our great astonishment, came our long Connecticut friend.

"Without waiting to be on the defensive, as the weaker party generally does, he hit the big drayman on the nose with such precision that he fell as though a steam-engine had struck him.

"Then he hit out right and left, and down came two more blackguards.

"Astonishment petrified us for a moment, but a short and spirited address, delivered to us by the descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers, in something like the following words: '*Go in, boys, and give the infarnal critters fits;*' accompanied by the downfall of two more of the bold Britons, set us at work, and I assure you we were very industrious for a short space of time.

"We did very well, but our efforts were child's play compared with those of Brother Jonathan.

"I never saw such hitting in my life. He did his work most awkwardly, but most effectually.

"His long arms flew about like those of an insane windmill, but every time he let out, down went a man, and if he was hit fairly he didn't get up again in a hurry. He was everywhere at once.

"A big fellow had seized Dick's stick and was intent upon spoiling his beauty, when the Yankee came swooping around, and down he went—and stayed down.

"Two fellows were pressing your humble servant disagreeably hard, when I heard the Connecticut slogan, '*Give the infarnal critters fits;*' and away they both went, one knocked down by the fall of the other. He was dropping them like ninepins, street-sweeper rolling over omnibus cad, and pickpocket over both of them, when a cry of police was raised and our opponents vanished like magic. Jonathan picked up his umbrel and we turned down the street.

"Arrived at a respectful distance from the scene of action, Dick stopped short and said, very coolly:

"'Look here, are you Tom Hyer or ain't you?'

"Jonathan grinned, but denied the soft impeachment.

"'Who are you, then?' said Dick. 'You've been in the same business I *know*. No one but a professional could hit so savagely as you did.'"

"Then Jonathan, after some hesitation, acknowledged that he *had* been a prize-fighter once, but grace had been given to convert him to the Methodist persuasion—that his profession had kept him from responding to the overtures of the big drayman, but when he came back and saw two gentlemen going to be licked for taking his part, the old Adam became rampant, and had impelled him to the battle, which was very wrong, said he piously; 'but,' added he with a jolly grin, the old Adam rising again,—'*Didn't we give the critters fits?*'"

SWIMMING BATHS IN PARIS.

The 15th of May is the usual period of opening. But even this is reckoned full early, and few ladies venture to take baths in the Seine until the beginning, and even middle, of the following month of June. There are now on the Siene a great many establishments of the kind, of which the most convenient and accessible are those near the Tuileries, close to the Pont Royal, (which were formerly nearer the Pont de la Concorde,) and the baths near the Pont des Saints Peres, somewhat higher up. The method of teaching natation in all is, I fancy, exactly similar, as are likewise the prices asked. The sum of 3 francs (about 1s. 8d) a lesson, or by *abonnement* of twelve lessons, of 17 francs 50 centimes, is the ordinary price, in addition to which a slight gratuity is given to the swimming master at the close of the dozen lessons, or after each, as may be preferred. A small *pourboire* is also given to the woman in charge of the bathing-cabins. Of course, if you are a swimmer, and require no lessons, a much smaller sum is paid, about half a franc a bath being asked when an *abonnement* of twelve is taken, and which sum is, in fact, the price of entrance to the baths. They are generally exceedingly well conducted, and cleanly kept, and all the attendants remarkable for civility and attention.

The swimming-bath is formed by enclosing in a certain part of the river, round which little cabins, coquettishly painted and decorated, are erected for the convenience of those bathers who do not swim, or for dressing-rooms for those who do. The middle part or basin is left more or less shallow by a sloping false bottom formed of planks, which allows persons in one part to stand up to their middle in water only, while at the other extremity of the basin the water is several feet deep, and only expert swimmers are allowed to venture so far. At the commencement, beginners are made to wear a belt, to which a rope is attached, held by the swimming-master, who, standing close by, directs the necessary movements, while, by means of the belt, the body is held in a horizontal position. Of course all this is conducted in such shallow water that footing can at any moment be attained. As soon as the pupil is supposed to be equal to keep herself up on the water, the cord is loosed, and she is allowed to strike out a little way, a long pole, however, being within reach to take hold of, should fear or fatigue overtake her. After a time the belt is likewise taken off, and then the more difficult parts of the science are imparted, and the adept is allowed to take to deep water. The bathing dress consists of a full garment in some sort of dark woollen material, performing the part of trowsers and vest in one, reaching down to the ankles, and fastening round the throat. This is generally made in black or dark twilled serge or flannel, bound with red or blue; a small skirt is sometimes worn, but this is found inconvenient for swimming in, and is therefore discarded. The whole is perfectly decent, and exceedingly well adapted to the purpose it is intended for, and has the great merit, when worn by men as well as women, of allowing every one to bathe together and at the same time, without the smallest infringement on the rules of decorum.

I remember some two or three years ago, during a visit at Etretat, a charming and picturesque sea-bathing retreat not far from Havre, becoming fully convinced of the merits of the costume, from the constant habit there of all the bathers, male and female, to go out and bathe at the same time, which made the little bay a most gay and animated resort. It need scarcely be added that costumes resembling those of the ladies, save in being somewhat shorter in the legs, were rigorously enforced. I was there also much struck with the numbers of French women, who were admirable swimmers, whilst so few, comparatively, of our English ladies excel in this exercise, which one would think on the contrary so peculiarly adapted to our habits. The reason of this doubtless lies in the numerous swimming baths established not only in Paris, but in Rouen, and in all large provincial towns, and the habit now in vogue of early giving lessons in the art to young girls as well as to the boys of the family. At Etretat you sometimes saw, on a fine warm morning, a whole family—father, mother, and little ones—taking a boat, and after being rowed out a little way, each successively plunge head-foremost (*piquer une tete*, it is called in French) into the water, where they remained sporting in every possible manner for a length of time. Indeed, upon one occasion, when a lady known for her swimming powers had gone out with two companions a considerable way from the shore, she remained with a female friend so long after the husband of the latter had returned tired out, that every one began to grow apprehensive, and watch the black points at a distance, which alone showed where the daring sea-birds were still enjoying themselves. A general feeling of relief, I am sure, was felt when, after a long hour, a boat brought back the two fugitives.

☞ The ladies may not go much upon the highways, but they are complained of by their husbands of being very much addicted to buy-ways.

LINES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

W Hesperus glows o'er the deep purple ocean,
A Luna shines bright o'er the crests of the waves;
W ephyrs blow softly with tremulous motion,
A sea-nymphs steal forth from their coralline caves;

Anon burns my bosom with love's frenzied madness,
'm rapt is my soul in fond ecstacy's trance,
Liburns and hope blossoms: soft languor, wild gladness,
turns thrill the blood-streams that through my veins dance.

Broon as gray dawn glimmers cold o'er the water,
d Hesperus pales mid Aurora's bright beams;
Wn gales blow in freshness from every quarter,
d life's toil and bustle succeed to night's dreams;

Tn fade all those visions so bright, so resplendent,
hite night's starry mantle was spread o'er the sky;
Andainly we long for those dreams so transcendent,
Tt floated in glory while darkness was nigh.

F. D.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TAKING THE SEALS OFF.

Marmduke Heath came down to Fairburn according to his promise, but it cost him a great effort. With every stage his spirits seemed to fall and fail; and when Mrs. Myrtle at last clasped him in her arms—for Master Marmaduke was ever a great favorite of hers, and the fact of his having grown up and got married weighed with her not a feather—his wan face was paler than when she had seen it last, notwithstanding its three years of happiness and freedom. It was Christmas-time; the Rectory was a bower of ivy and holly-berries; and just within the threshold, the locality which the good housekeeper had chosen for her embrace, hung a huge bunch of mistletoe, the finest that could be found in all the Chase. In the spotless kitchen, so exquisitely clean that you might, as the phrase goes, "have eaten your dinner off the floor," if it had not happened to have been a sanded one, there were preparations for sumptuous feasting; a delightful fragrance, suggestive of mince-pies with plenty of citron, pervaded Mrs. Myrtle's private parlor, where the divine mysteries of Apicius were being celebrated. The little larder, cold and immaculate as a dead sucking-pig ready for the spit, was victualled with noble meats as for a siege; while monstrous pasties and plum-puddings, too many for the broad stone slabs, reposed upon the Dutch tiles that formed its carpet. It was not intended that the inhabitants of the Rectory should eat all the good things themselves; but it was a custom of Mr. Long, aided and abetted by Mrs. Myrtle, to keep open house for about a fortnight at this festive period, and to entertain certain worthy persons, who were old and indigent, in the sanded kitchen daily. Attempts to edify the Poor in those days were not made so often as they are at present, but it was held essential by all good Christian country-folk to keep Christmas as a feast, and to see that others kept it. I suppose Fairburn Hall was the only house in the country where that Blessed Time was ignored and taken no account of; Sir Massingberd had never suffered the slightest honor to be paid to it; and his worthy deputy and *locum-tenens*, Richard Gilmore, treated it with the like contumely.

The change from the bright little Rectory, with all its hospitable preparations, to the gloomy grandeur of the masterless mansion, was very striking, when we three crossed the road next morning to take the seals off, which Mr. Long had placed upon the principal rooms, and so, as it were, to break the blockade caused by the baronet's disappearance. The contrast began even with things without. Half one of the globes had been sliced from its pedestal on one side of the great iron gates; and in the very centre of the avenue, the grass grew long and rank. The sun-dial was cracked and gaped in zigzag, an emblem of the uncertainty that overhung the place. The heraldic beasts at the foot of the entrance-steps were much more mutilated than when I had seen them last, and had indeed only one stone fore-paw or claw between them. Disuse is sister to Abuse, but still how comes it that mere absence should beget, as it always does, such absolute Ruin? Had the Squire been at home the last three years, the globe upon the pedestal would have been whole, the dial flawless, the griffins with at least their larger limbs intact; and yet no man was ever seen to work this mischief. When the great door swung reluctantly back to admit the new possessor, he took my hand, and bade me Welcome, but his tone was far from gay. Every glance he cast around him evoked I could see, some unpleasant association, and even, perhaps, a vague terror.

There is something uncanny in exploring any dwelling the rooms of which have been locked up and unvisited for years—places that have been once consecrated to humanity, but have afterwards been given up to Solitude and slow decay. Memories of their ancient inmates seem to hang gloomily about them, like the cobweb in their corners; they are eloquent of desertion and of death. The shriek of the mouse, and the singing of the blue fly in the pane, have perhaps alone been heard there in the interim; but there seem to have been other and ghostlier noises, which cease at our approach. Who knows what eerie deeds our sudden intrusion may have interrupted!

What faces glimmered through the doors,
What footsteps trod the upper floors,

ere we broke in! The peculiar circumstances under which our search was made intensified these feelings in us three, and even Gilmore, who accompanied us, was affected by them.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
This place is worse than haunted.

The library was the first room we entered, which even in the palmiest days of Fairburn Hall had been a dreary room, because the least in use. Except Marmaduke himself, no one ever sat there; the wicked books, which were the only sort read and patronized by Sir Massingberd, were all in the Squire's private sitting-room, and the gaps in the shelves that lined the present apartment, revealed that the Heaths had laid in a considerable stock of them. Old Sir Wentworth, a miser in his old age, had been a dunce in his youth, and was once heard openly to regret that circumstance from the fact, that he was unable to peruse the loose continental literature which his ancestors had provided for his delectation, free of expense. In the rare cases when the Oak Parlor had not sufficient accommodation for the guests of the missing Squire, they had been wont to adjourn to the present apartment, to smoke and lounge through half the night; but it bore no trace of having been so used. Every chair and sofa were in their appointed place, as though they had grown up like trees through the dusty carpet. Upon the tables and mantel-pieces, the dust had settled inches thick. The grate was laid ready for lighting; but over the coals and sticks hung a sort of mildew, that looked as if it would have defied a pine-torch to set light to it. These things we remarked slowly, one by one, for the butler had only opened the shutters of one window, and the extent of the apartment was prodigious. The shelves were filled almost entirely with quartos—books were not hand-books in those days—rich with plates, and "meadows of margin;" you could not have sent a child on an errand to bring one of them; if he had managed to extricate a tome at all by painfully loosening it at head and foot, it might have fallen out and brained him. A fourth of the entire stock was composed of books of Catholic theology.

"Those," observed Mr. Long, "are the most valuable things in the library. Sir Nicholas is supposed to have won his bride by paying that costly tribute to her faith. The illuminations are most rare and splendid.—Why, what is this, Gilmore? I can't get this volume down. It seems stuck to the others."

The butler grinned maliciously.

"I think you will find them all like that, sir. There's nothing but the wood backs left. The Squire disposed of these books soon after Mr. Marmaduke left, and got this imitation stuff put up instead."

Mr. Long broke out into wrathful indignation, but the young heir kept silence, only smiling bitterly.

"Perhaps he was afraid that their heterodoxy might do his nephew harm," remarked I, rather tickled, I confess, by this characteristic fraud.

"No, sir," replied Gilmore dryly; "he merely observed, that, being theological works, there was as much in them now as before."

"Impious wretch!" exclaimed the rector. "See, he has bartered the Fathers of the Church for a set of empty backgammon boards, and lettered them with their venerable names."

"Here, however, is the Family Bible," said I; "he has not sold that."

The spider had spun his web across the sacred volume, but it opened readily enough at the only place, perhaps, into which its late owner had ever looked—the huge yellow fly leaf, upon which were inscribed the names of the later generations of the Heaths; Sir Massingberd's birth in his father's own handwriting, and Sir Wentworth's death in that of his son's, and only too probably his murderer's. The autograph was bold and flaring, quite different from the crabbed hand of the parent, in which the names of Gilbert Heath and Marmaduke's mother were also written, as likewise that of Marmaduke himself. There was a little space beneath this last; and the young heir, looking over my shoulder, pointed to it significantly; doubtless, it had been hoped by the last possessor of the volume that this might one day have been filled up by the date of his nephew's demise.

We were about to leave the room, when Mr. Long suddenly exclaimed:—"Nay, let us try the secret way. You told me, I remember, that you did not know of Jacob's Ladder; Marmaduke. The spring lies in the index of Josephus, a wooden volume, which perhaps put this notion of wholesale 'dumbies' into Sir Massingberd's head." This practical satire upon the unpopularity of the Jewish historian was presently discovered, hidden away upon one of those ground-floor shelves, which, if the enthusiastic student investigates at all, it must be upon his knees. After a little manipulation, the spring obeyed, and with a surly creak, as if in protest, the whole compartment of shelves above moved slowly outward on some hidden hinge, and disclosed the narrow stairs that ended in the shepherdess of the state-chamber. The steps were worm-eaten, and the wall on both sides hung with moth-devoured and ragged tapestry. Marmaduke shrank back, and gazed upon the aperture with abhorrence and dismay. To what vile purposes might it not have been used, beside that of attempting to overthrow a poor child's reason; nay, was it not possible that What we had sought, yet feared to find for so long, might be in this very place, where no eye could have looked or thought of looking! Might It not have hidden there, and been imprisoned alive, in righteous retribution, by the very spring which had ministered to hate and cruelty! "I went up here," said Mr. Long, divining the young man's thoughts, "when I searched the house with Gilmore, and put on the seals. I think we should climb Jacob's Ladder, Marmaduke; as you will make the Hall your home, it is well to leave no spot in it associated with any unpleasantness, unfamiliar." So saying, the Rector led the way, and we all followed; there was some delay while he opened the door above, and certainly it was not a cheerful position for us in the meantime, cooped up in the darkness, with the arras touching us with its ghostly folds on either side the narrow way; but I think that my tutor's advice was good, and that his old pupil experienced a feeling of satisfaction when the thing was done. Once more we stood together in that state-bedroom where Marmaduke had suffered such ghastly terrors when a boy.

"Shall I ever forget those thoughts!" muttered he with a shudder. "Can this room ever be otherwise than hateful to me! It was here, as I sat weak and ill in that arm-chair, that my uncle struck me for losing— Stay, now I remember it all. Remove this skirting-board, Gilmore; take the poker; do not spare the rotting wood. Ay, there it is." A yellow something lay amid the dust and rubbish, which on inspection turned out to be a gold pencil-case. "That was lent me by my uncle, a dozen years ago," said Marmaduke musing, "and he chastised me for losing it. It had rolled under yonder skirting-board, but I was too terrified at the time to recollect the fact. I wish I could forget things now. Undo the other shutters, Richard. Light, more light."

And thus we let the blessed sunlight into all the shuttered rooms. It glanced in galleries on knights in all their panoply, and smote the steel upon their visors, as though the flame of battle once more darted from their eyes; it made their tattered pennons blush again, and tipped their rusted spears with sudden fire. It flashed upon the stern ancestral faces on the wall, and through their dust evoked a look of life. That winter sun had not the power to warm, however; all things struck cold. The dark oak-panels chilled us from their waveless depths; the cumbrous organ, carved with fruit and flower, kept frozen silence; while in the chapel, Sir Nicholas in stone and mildew struck to our marrow. His lady opposite, upon her knees in her "devout oratory," gave us cold looks, as though we had interrupted her devotions. In vain the painted windows, high and triple arched, cast down "warm gules" upon her marble breast, and filled the sacred place with glorious hues. In vain the gilded scroll, "Praie for hys Soule," appealed to us through dust and damp, and his memorial pane blushed scarlet in its endeavor to perpetuate his infamy. All things seemed cursed in that accursed house; the hallowed places desecrated, and those where hospitality and good-fellowship were meant to reign, solitary and barren. There was one apartment still which had been left by common consent to be visited last of all—Sir Massingberd's Oak Parlor. There he might have been said to have lived, for it was the only sitting-room he used from early morning—and he was no great sleeper—until very late at night. There, as we have seen, he had held his audiences, and dined, and sometimes slept after any deep debauch. By all the household, except Gilmore, it was held as a Bluebeard's chamber, and would not have been entered upon any account, even had it not had the Rector's seal upon it. It was here that the Lost baronet had passed his last hours within the house, and further he had intended to return—if he had meant to return at all—before he retired for the night. The butler entered it first, and let the light in; then Mr. Long, then I, then Marmaduke. Although I had been there once before, I scarcely recognized the place, for upon that occasion the Squire himself had occupied it, and I had had no eyes except for him. It was doubtless a comfortable room enough when the fire was shining on its polished walls, and the red curtains snugly drawn over the windows; but with that thin December light—for it was afternoon by this time—creeping coldly in upon the three year-old ashes of the burnt-out fire, and on the panels, smeared with spots and stains, it was very cheerless:

There was no sign of life, save one;
The subtle spider, that from overhead
Hung like a spy on human guilt and error,
Suddenly turned, and up its slender thread,
Ran with a nimble terror.

This insect had woven its webs in every nook and cranny, in readiness for the prey that never came, and the slanting pillars of motes and light that streamed into the gloom seemed almost as palpable as they. A door led up by three or four steps into Sir Massingberd's bedroom—a bare unfurnished place, where skins of wild animals instead of carpet were spread for a banquet to the moth. His shooting boots stood up still stiff and strong beside the empty grate, although they were white with mildew, and his night-gear lay folded upon the rotting pillow, in preparation for his rest. The sitting-room, however, bore the more striking vestiges of its late proprietor. The huge arm-chair stood a little aside from the fender, where he had pushed it back as he rose to leave the room; and the book which he had been reading lay open with its face to the table, ready for him to resume its perusal upon his return. A spirit case with the stoppers in, the couple of cigars which it had been Sir Massingberd's invariable custom to smoke before going to bed, and a few fly-blown lumps of sugar, were set out in hideous travesty of creature-comfort. The Rector took up the volume, and with one involuntary glance towards the fire-place, tore the wrinkled and blue-spotted leaves to fragments. A scurrilous French novel had engaged the last hours of the wretched old man, ere he went forth—to his doom.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FAIRY'S WAND.

There are but few of us, I fear, who can say—"Though I should die suddenly, and at the most unlooked for time, there will be nothing left behind me which I would have destroyed, even though I had had the opportunity." Of course, there are none who can boast that they are at peace with all mankind; that they leave nothing unrepented of or unatoned for; that their human affairs and social relations are exactly where they would have wished them to be. But independent of these matters, neglected by the very best of us, how eagerly must many a man desire, between the warning and swift stroke of death, that he had had but a little time—a little strength to set, not indeed his house in order, but his desk and his note-book. What a cruel shock have many a family received, after they have lost the Head whom they have worshipped so many years, by discovering, where they looked for no such thing, *after his death*, that he had all along (as will be thought) been even such a one, *not* as themselves, but worse—as they whom they had been taught by his own self to look upon with contempt, or at least with pity; as they who, by contrast with himself, were persons base and vile. Is there no letter, reader, ragged and time-worn, perhaps, but still legible, lying among that heap of correspondence you intend to winnow some day—which it will be better to burn, *now*? Is there no half-forgotten gift, meant for your own eyes alone, when they were brighter than at present, which it would be well to make an end of this very day? Can you say: "Even though I do not return home to-night, or ever again, but am smashed by a railway locomotive, or driven over by a 'bus, or poisoned in a cab, yet there will be nothing of mine, nothing when my friends take stock of my personal effects, of which I need be ashamed." If so, thou art a good man indeed—or one of exceeding prudence. Above all things, my friends, be good, for that is best; but if not, at least be prudent. Let your memories be sullied with no stain at all events, in the thoughts of those you leave at home. The actions of the unjust blossom in their dust into flowers compared with which the deadly nightshade is as the violet or the rose. The satirist tells us that in a week, a month, a year at most, the memory of a dead man dies even from the hearts of those he held most dear. This is not true; but the satirist would have been severer yet, and have spoken truth as well, had he said that the memory of a dead man, so far as his vice and wickedness are concerned, dies not at all among his kin. It is spoken of in whispers by the purest, and renders them less pure; it is made light of by the vicious, but only to excuse their wrongful acts by a worse example. "Wild as I may be, I am not so wild as the governor was in his day," is a terrible legacy of comfort to leave behind to one's son.

It is possible that even Sir Massingberd Heath may at some far back time have deemed it necessary to lay to his soul some flattering unction of this kind. There were Sir Wentworth and Sir Nicholas, and many a Heath to extenuate his acts, if bad example might do it. But the time came to him, and very early in life, when he had no longer this slender justification, since he had outdone his worse progenitor in vice and folly. Mr. Clint had known, Mr. Long had guessed—we all of us had suspected more or less that the lost baronet's life had been evil beyond that of an ordinary man; but the dumb revelations which were made concerning it in the necessary examination of his papers, were simply shocking. After destroying these, the next approach to cleansing Fairburn Hall was to discharge all the indoor domestics. Mr. Richard Gilmore resented this conduct towards a faithful servant of the family, as he styled himself, very bitterly; but he departed with the rest, laden, there is little doubt, with a very considerable plunder. Presently the upholsterers came down from town with a great following of work-people, and a caravan of wagons bearing costly furniture; then a host of servants, selected with as much care as was possible, replaced the exiles; and when all was ready within and without—the waste places of the grounds being reclaimed, and put upon the same footing with those which hitherto had alone been "kept up"—Sir Marmaduke Heath and his wife themselves took possession of Fairburn Hall.

Art had already done much to change that sombre house into a comfortable as well as splendid mansion; but the presence of its new mistress did more than all to rescue it from the long tyranny of decay and gloom. Beneath her smile the shadows of the past could take no shape, but vanished, thin and pale. She would allow them nowhere resting-place. Where they had been wont to gather thickest to her husband's eyes, she quelled them by her radiant presence, day and night. The Oak Parlor and its adjoining bedroom she formed into a double boudoir for her own sweet self; and straightway all bat-winged, harpy-headed memories, the brood of evil deeds, flew from it as the skirts of Night before the dawn, and in their place an angel-throng came fluttering in, and made it their abode. No stage-fairy, wand in hand, ever effected transformation scene more charming and complete. One fear, and one alone, now agitated Marmaduke's heart—for the safety of his priceless wife in her approaching trial. He would have gladly cancelled nature's gracious promise, and lived childless all his days, rather than any risk should befall Lucy. His friends, his servants, and the villagers, brimful of hope that there should be an heir to Fairburn, flowed over in earnest congratulations; but for his part he felt apprehensive only. His heart experienced no yearning for the child who might endanger the mother. In accordance with her plan of ignoring all that had gone before of shame and sorrow, and regenerating evil places with a baptism of joy, Lady Heath had chosen the state-chamber itself as her sleeping apartment, and there in due time she safely brought forth a son. Upon his knees, Marmaduke thanked Heaven for the blessing which was thus vouchsafed to him, but above all, in that it had brought with it no curse. Verily had the house of mourning become the house of feasting, and the chamber of sorrow the chamber of mirth. The unconscious father had been sitting by the library fire, endeavoring vainly to distract his mind from what was occurring up stairs, and turning his eyes restlessly ever and anon towards the door, when the voice of Dr. Sitwell suddenly broke the silence.

"Sir Marmaduke, I congratulate you; you have a son and heir."

"And my wife!" cried the husband, impatiently.

"She is as well as can possibly be expected, I do assure you."

"You are very welcome," exclaimed the young baronet, "and would have been so, although you had chosen to burst your way in with a torpedo. But I confess you startled me a good deal."

"I am afraid I did," returned the doctor, in a voice like a stream of milk and honey, "although it was not my intention to do so. But the fact is, I did not come in by the door at all. Her ladyship desired that I should bring you the good news by way of Jacob's Ladder; and I may add, that you may come back with me that way and see her yourself for just one quarter of a minute."

So even Jacob's Ladder was made a pleasant thoroughfare to Marmaduke, and dearer from that hour than all staircases of wood and stone.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FOUND.

Now, when Marmaduke junior—who was named also Peter, to mark the regard which both its parents had for my poor self—became of the ripe age of fourteen weeks or so, and the spring had so far advanced upon the summer as to admit of open-air rejoicings, it was determined that the advent of the heir of Fairburn should be celebrated with all due honor. This would have been done before—for Lady Heath had soon recovered her strength, and the child was reported to be a miracle of health and plumpness—had it not been for the backwardness of the season. The Hall had of course made merry upon the matter long ago, and if all the poor in the place had not done so, it was from no want of materials in the way of creature-comfort supplied by the young Squire. But what Marmaduke had waited for was settled fine weather, in order that the Coase might be filled by merry-makers, whose happiness should cleanse it from all memories of woe and wrong. Much of these, it is true, had been effaced already; a portion of the Park had been given up to the villagers for cricket and other sports—a grant common enough now, but one almost unexampled in those days—and the right of way which Sir Massingberd had spent so many hundreds in opposing, had been voluntarily surrendered. Oliver Bradford still retained his office, but being almost bedridden, inspired less terror than of yore among evil-doers; this was not so much to be regretted, however, since there was now little want, and therefore few poachers in Fairburn, while the general popularity of the young Squire lessens even those. I am afraid that if the new owner had heard a gun discharged at night in the Home Spinney itself, it is doubtful whether he would have laid down his book, or hesitated more than usual in his vain attempt to checkmate his wife at chess, in order to listen for the second barrel. The terror of the Lost Baronet had long been fading from his old domain; and upon this occasion, when old and young were all invited to make holiday in those once almost unknown retreats of hare and deer, there was no urchin but was determined—by no means single-handed, however, to explore them thoroughly. The very Wolsey Oak which the ravens had made their quarters was not shunned, but in the great space about it, races were run, and dances danced, and its vast trunk was, made the very headquarters of childish merriment. These young folks did not affect the company of their elders, except when the gongs gave signal from the various marquees that there was food afoot, when they flocked to meet their parents at the heaped-up boards with a dutiful celerity. The higher class of tenantry were upon the lawn and among them mixed with stately condescension a goodly number of the country aristocracy. I remember that some of the latter introduced upon this occasion the new dance called the quadrille, which had just arrived from Paris at that time. It had come over in the bad company of the waltz; but that lively measure was held to be too indecorous to be imported to Fairburn under its new régime. Everybody, when out of earshot of the host and hostess, was talking about the change that had taken place in this respect.

"How odd this all seems," quoth Squire Broadacres to his neighbor, Mr. Flinthert, heir of the late lamented admiral. "None of us, I suppose, have been at the Hall here for this quarter of a century."

"Ay, that at least," quoth the other. "Of course, it is a great matter to see people in the Heaths' position properly conducted as to morals. But I doubt whether this young fellow may not go astray in another and even a still more dangerous direction. They say his politics are, dear me, shocking."

"Not a bit of it," replied Mr. Broadacres. "It isn't in the Heath blood to be radical. But his wife, she rules the roast, you see—and a delish pretty woman too; I could find it in my heart to forgive her anything."

"But that fellow, Harvey Gerard, her father—why, he's a downright sans-culotte, sir."

"The Gerards are bound to be, my dear sir," returned the jolly squire. "All these things are a question of family; it's nothing but that. I am told there is some French blood in him."

"We want nothing of that sort down in Midshire," responded Mr. Flinthert, shaking his head.

"But we have got it, you see, my friend, and therefore we must make the best of it. It was all very well to ignore Gerard while he was a newcomer at Dovecot, although, mind you, he was always a gentleman, every inch of him, notwithstanding his queer opinions; but now that he has become so nearly connected with Sir Marmaduke, and living at the Hall half his time, why, the county must make up its mind to receive him."

"I shall let him perceive, however, that it does so—so far at least as I am concerned—upon sufferance, and, as it were—what is the word?—ay, vicariously."

"Very good," observed Mr. Broadacres dryly. "I am not quite clear as to your meaning; but if you intend to put Harvey Gerard down, I do not think you will meet with any very triumphant success. Why, Sir Massingbird here, who would have grappled with the devil, was tripped up and thrown by this man with the greatest ease."

"Nevertheless, I shall give him my cold shoulder," observed Mr. Flinthert, stiffly; "although I shall studiously avoid being rude."

"Faith, I would recommend your doing that, my friend," augured the jolly squire. "If you turned your back upon Harvey Gerard instead of your shoulder, my belief is that he'd kick you."

"That he'd do what?" exclaimed Mr. Barnardstone Flinthert, late high sheriff and present magistrate and *custos rotulorum* of Midshire.

"That he'd take advantage of the opportunity, that's all," returned Mr. Broadacres quietly. "No, no, sir, with a man

like Gerard, all good Tories should keep on good terms. One can't hang him, you know, like a radical tailor, and therefore it's quite worth while to make ourselves appear to the best advantage. A stupid slight to a clever man has often done more harm to the cause of good government than a whole regiment of dragoons can remedy."

"Oh curse his cleverness!" responded Mr. Flinthart savagely. "I'm for no such milk-and-water measures. I think it's the duty of somebody to tell young Marmaduke—"

"Well, say it's *yours*," interrupted Mr. Broadacres.

"It's a positive duty, I say, that somebody should go to this baronet, and tell him frankly that all this leniency to poaching fellows, and liberty to the rabble, cannot but lead to harm. 'You're a young man,' he should be told, 'and don't understand these things; but that is the opinion of the county, and it behoves you to know it.'"

"That would do more harm than good, Mr. Flinthart. You may depend upon it that Marmaduke Heath thinks for himself in these matters, notwithstanding that I dare say Gerard and his pretty daughter have had some influence. The young fellow naturally goes exactly counter to all that his uncle did before him. This holiday-making and mixture of high and low here, are themselves enough to make Sir Massingbird turn in his grave."

"Ay, if he *is* in his grave," responded Mr. Flintoert darkly. "But who knows whether he may not turn up some day after all; tell me that?"

"I can't tell you that," responded Mr. Broadacres; "but I'll bet you ten guineas to one that he never does."

"Ay, but if he did!" replied the other gloomily. "If he was to appear this very day, for instance, what a scene it would be—what a revolution for some people!"

"Well, if he did, he'd find the property greatly improved—except that that right of way has been reopened through the Park: all his thieving servants dismissed; all his debts settled; and his mad gipsy wife amply provided for, and well content, I am told, among her vagabond friends."

Conversations somewhat similar to the above were being held all over the lawn, for its denizens were not, like the lower classes, so bent upon mere physical enjoyment as to be dead to the delights of scandal. But when the great bell rang for their afternoon repast, which was to be partaken of in one enormous tent, and at one gigantic table, the upper part of which was reserved for the gentlefolks, such talk was hushed, of course, and congratulation of host and hostess and the infant heir was the only wear for every countenance. Not a word about the uncertainty of Sir Marmaduke's tenure of Fairburn was whispered over the good cheer, or a suggestion hazarded regarding the last proprietor's possible reappearance. For less, we may be certain, was any hint at such matters let fall when the health of the future Sir Peter—two generations from Somebody, and not to be associated with him upon any account—was proposed by Mr. Broadacres, and drank with a genuine enthusiasm that brought the tears into his mother's eyes, who with many a fair county dame graced the banquet as spectators. Then Mr. Long rose up and spoke of Marmaduke as one whom he had known and loved from his youth up, and the cheering rose tumultuous (not especially at the tenants' table, because they knew him best), and was heard afar by the peasantry who were dining likewise elsewhere, and who joined in it uproariously, although they had already paid due honors to their lord, so that all the Park was filled with clamor. To both these toasts, Sir Marmaduke, aglow with happiness and excitement, the handsomest man by far in that great company, with a grateful smile upon his student lips, gave eloquent response.

But when Lucy's health was proposed by Mr. Arable, in homely but fitting terms, dwelling upon her total lack of pride, her kindliness to all that needed help, her beauty, which was sunshine to them all, then the young Squire lost his self-command. He rose to speak with evident embarrassment; he saw herself before him, watching him with eyes that had plenty of pride for *him* in them, and listening for his words as though his tongue dropped jewels; he knew that he could not contradict one word of praise that had been showered upon her, he could not mitigate for modesty a single phrase of her eulogium, because it was all true, and none but he knew how much more she was deserving of. While he stood there silent for a moment, but radiant with lips just parting for his opening sentence, there was a commotion at the far end of the tent. With that mysterious swiftness wherewith ill news pervades the minds of men, all knew at once some terrible occurrence had taken place. Several of the tenants rose, as if to intercept some person coming up towards the upper table, but others cried: "Go on; it must be told." For an instant, Lucy's glance flashed round to see that her child was safe in its nurse's arms, then made her way swiftly and silently to her husband's side. Before she reached it, before the man who bore the tidings could get nearly so far, the whisper had gone round: "Sir Massingberd is found."

I shall never forget Marmaduke's face when he heard those words: his color fled; his eyes wandered timidly hither and thither; his lips moved, but no sound came from them. At the touch of his wife's hand upon his arm, however, a new life seemed to be instilled into him, and as a village boy came forward bearing a rusty something in his hand, he stretched his hand out for it, murmuring: "What is this? Why do you bring this to me?" The boy was bashful, and gave no answer; but Farmer Arable stepped forward very gravely, and spoke as follows:

"Why, Mr. Marmaduke, you see," he said, unconsciously reserving the title for the man he had in his mind, "that is the life preserver Sir Massingberd always went about with in his woods at night; I know it by the iron ring by which a leathern strap fastened it round his wrist. Where did you find it, eh, boy?"

"Well, sir, we was a-playing at Hide—me and Bill Jervis, and Harry Jones and a lot of us, and the Wolsey Oak was Home. So, while it was the other side's turn to hide, and we was waiting for them to cry 'Hoop,' we began to knife the tree a bit, to pass the time; and digging away at the bottom of the trunk, we made a hole, and presently came upon the head of this thing here, and dragged it out. Then we made a bigger hole, and please, sir, there was great big bones, and we couldn't pull them through. Then we was frightened, and called to Jem Meyrick, the keeper, as was in the booth close by; and he climbed up to the fork of the tree, and cried out that the Wolsey Oak was hollow, and there was a skeleton in it, standing up; and they do say as it's Sir Massingberd."

While the boy was yet speaking, a knot of men came slowly up from the direction of the Oak, bearing something among them; and followed at a little distance by a vast crowd, all keeping an awful silence. When they got near the opening of the tent, they set their ghastly burden down upon the lawn; and we all went forth to look at it, including Marmaduke himself, with a face as pale as ashes, and clutching Lucy by the hand, as though he feared some power was about to tear her from him. I heard her whisper to him:

"This may not be Lost Sir Massingberd after all."

Dr. Sitwell heard her also, and at once officiously replied:

"Oh, but it is, my lady; there has no man died in Fairburn for these thirty years, except the late baronet, who could have owned those bones. I will pledge my professional reputation that yonder man, when clothed in flesh and blood, was six feet four. What a large skull, and what gigantic thigh-bones!"

"Ay," quoth Mr. Remnant, the general dealer, who was kneeling down beside the skeleton and examining it with minuteness, as though it had been offered to him for sale, "here is something hard and dry, with iron nails upon it, which was once a shooting-shoe—one of a pair, or I am much mistaken, which I sold to Sir Massingberd myself."

"And here," quoth Jem Meyrick, stepping forward, "is sumat as I think must have been the Squire's great gold chain, which I found at the bottom of the trunk. The Wolsey Oak is quite hollow, Sir Marmaduke, although none of us knew it. It is my belief that Sir Massingberd must have climbed up into the fork to look about him—for he seemed to be expecting poachers on that night—and that the rotten wood gave way beneath him, and let him down feet foremost into the trunk."

Without doubt, this was the true explanation of the matter. The skeleton was found with the arms above the head, a position which had precluded self-extrication, although it was evident that the wretched man had made great efforts to escape from his living tomb, since what remained of the shoe of the right foot was much turned up, and retained deep marks of the pressure of the buckle. As I looked at these relics of humanity, the gipsy's curse recurred to my mind with dreadful distinctness: *May he perish, inch by inch, within reach of the aid that shall never come, ere the God of the Poor take him into His hand.*

It was a singular feature in the case, and one which was of course made to point its moral among the villagers, that had Sir Massingberd not closed the Park, and refused the right of way, he could scarcely have thus miserably perished, since the footpath, as I have said, absolutely skirted the tree in question; and people would have passed close by it at all hours. It reminded me of the evil fate of James I. of Scotland, who might have escaped his murderers in the Blackfriars' Abbey at Perth, but for the simple fact that he had caused the mouth of a certain vault to be bricked up, because his tennis-balls were wont to roll through it. How long the wretched Squire had suffered before Death released him from his fangs, it was impossible to guess, or whether that terrible cry heard by Dick Westlock that same night, and by myself next morning, was indeed from the throat of Sir Massingberd in his agony. We were the two persons who had been nearest to the Wolsey Oak between the period of his entombment and the search instituted throughout the Chase. He must have been dead before *that*, for the seekers passed close beside the tree without the least suspicion of the ghastly Thing it held; unless, indeed, he had heard our voices, though, choked by that time by the falling dry-rot, he was unable to reply. No wonder the ravens had sought the Wolsey Oak, and croaked forth Doom therefrom so long!

CHAPTER XXXV.

L'ENVOI.

Weeks elapsed before Marmaduke Heath recovered from the shock of this discovery; but when he once began to do so, he grew up to be quite another man in body and mind. It was only by this change—when we saw him so strong and cheerful—that we got to estimate how powerful had been that sombre influence which had so long overshadowed him, and what great exertion it must have cost him to let it appear to us so little. The uncertainty of his tenure in Fairborn Hall, had secretly affected him very deeply, in spite of the wand of the good fairy. He went to France for a little trip with his father-in-law, for a thorough change, and there he had that duel thrust upon him of which we have incidentally made mention; let us not judge him harshly in that matter, for men of his day were as wanting in moral courage as they were ignorant of physical fear. Yet what a risk—ay, and what a selfish risk—he ran therein, let alone the unchristian wickedness of that wicked adventure. He never dared to reveal to Lucy what he had done; but he confessed it to Harvey Gerard, who rebuked him roundly for the crime; observing, however, to myself, not without some pride, that he had always averred Marmaduke was a fine fellow, and entertained a proper contempt for all bullies and scoundrels. The young baronet acted weakly, doubtless, but the duellist's blood was surely upon his own head. At all events, that was the view Marmaduke himself took of the matter, and there was now not a happier man in all Midshire than he; discharging the duties of his rank and position in a manner that won the applause of all his neighbors, sooner or later—although Mr. Flinthert's applause came very late indeed.

Year after year, I was a frequent guest at Fairburn Hall, and never set foot in a house with inmates more blessed in one another. Year by year, Lucy seemed to grow in goodness, and even, as it seemed to me, in beauty; I saw her last with silver hair crowning her still unwrinkled brow, and since that day, no fairer sight has met these failing eyes.

Death has long released the noble soul of Harvey Gerard, but his name is borne not unworthily by a grandson as fearless as himself, and after it the hard-won letters V C. In a sunny spot in the little churchyard at Fairburn lies my dear old tutor; far from the iron rails which enclose the bones of the long missing baronet.

Sir Peter— But why should I further speak of death, and make parade of loss and change; an old man like me should, having told his tale, be silent, and not court stranger ears to "gain the praise that comes to constancy."

The last time I saw Fairburn, it lay in sunshine. There was no trace of that bad man whose deeds once overshadowed it, save that in one great space, close to the public footway through the Park, there was a vast bare ring, where grass, it was said, had never grown, although the Wolsey Oak, which had once stood above it, had been cut down for forty years and more. The place was cursed, so village gossip told, by Lost Sir Massingberd. This may be true or not. My tale itself may lie open to suspicion of untruth, and this and that, which have been therein narrated, have already been pronounced "improbable," "impossible," "absurd." To critics of this sort, I have only to express my regret that the mission of the author has in my case been reversed, and facts have fallen into such clumsy hands as to seem fiction. Let me add one extract from the works of an author popular in my young days, but now much oftener quoted than perused. He is describing a picture-sale attended by the *dilettanti*. A carking *connoisseur* is abusing some effort of an unhappy artist to portray nature. "This fellow," cries he, "has even had the audacity to attempt to paint a fly! *That* a fly, forsooth!" and he flips at it with contemptuous fingers.

The fly flew away *It was a real one!*

THE END.

☞ The Professor thinks it a national disgrace that America was discovered by a "furriner."

☞ It is related that in Cochin China, when grandees go to the play (it seems they have theatres there), the actors fare rather badly. If the great man does not approve of their performance, he waves his wand, and his suit immediately rush upon the stage, seize on the unfortunate performer, and administer a sound drubbing with their bamboos.

☞ The last excuse for crinoline is, that the "*weaker vessels*" need much hooping.

☞ It is hard for a man to assess rates by toiling in the shop when there is a leakage in the kitchen!

☞ There is a shop in Paris which supplies a new shirt to any customer who leaves his dirty one and pays ten sous.

HOW TO BECOME LEAN.

FROM CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL.

A gentleman, formerly corpulent, but reduced of late, by a certain course of treatment, within moderate bounds, has been so good as to publish a pamphlet describing the means by which the deliverance was accomplished. "Of all the parasites," he begins, "that affect humanity, I do not know of, nor can I imagine, any more distressing than that of Obesity; and having just emerged from a very long probation in this affliction, I am desirous of circulating my humble knowledge and experience for the benefit of my fellow men." Nothing can be more meritorious than this, particularly when we take into account the fact that he has circulated them *gratis*. No less than two editions of the *Letter on Corpulence*, the second edition consisting of fifteen hundred copies, have been given away to the British public. A third edition has just been issued, at sixpence a copy, and thereupon we take the opportunity of noticing this singular production; since it would have been impossible to look at a gift-pamphlet with a critical eye. Even now, it is not our intention to point out any errors; to literary style, Mr. Banting makes no pretence: and therefore, after expressing the wish that he had applied some diminishing process to his sentences, equally efficacious with those directed to his personal physique, we will have done with censure.

The feature that we consider most commendable in our author's character, as evidenced in the present work, is his exceeding courage. He narrates every ludicrous inconvenience that has happened to himself, on account of his great size, with calmness, and even unction, just as the sinner in a tract describes his previous wicked life before conversion. He is fat no longer, it is true, but he has been very fat indeed. He has not been able to tie his shoe for years. He has been compelled, he says, "to go down stairs slowly backwards, to save the jar of increased weight upon the knee and ankle joints." He has puffed and blown with very slight exertion, such as going upstairs. He has probably expressed the wish attributed to the late Mr Daniel Lambert, "that he might be permitted to see his knees before he died"—a tender aspiration which did not bear fruit, since he might just as well have desired to look upon his ears. Mr. Banting reproves, not without pathos, the natural disposition of the public to laugh at excessively fat people. Persons thus afflicted are sufficiently burdened already, without having to bear ridicule. If folks must laugh, let them poke fun at the Thin occasionally, for a change. It was no use, he felt, to endeavor to find a channel for his statement in any literary organ. The *Lancet*, it was not likely, would admit it; first, because medical persons had often tried to reduce Mr. Banting's Parasite fatness and failed; and secondly, because the Faculty made light of a gentleman of five feet five inches high weighing upwards of two hundred pounds. They coolly told him that it was one of the attributes, and even advantages, of advancing years, that one got plumper and plumper annually; that one's circumference should increase like the rings of a tree. However, if he had a fancy for reduction, let him, said they, take to muscular exercise, and since he couldn't walk, let him row. Mr. Banting accordingly hired a boat for his Parasite, and sculled it about for a couple of hours every morning; and thereby, indeed, he gained muscular vigor, but with it a prodigious appetite, which he was compelled to indulge, and which made him fatter than ever.

He tried sea-air and sea bathing; he took gallons of physic and liquor potassæ; he rode and he walked; he drank the waters of Leamington, Harrogate, and Cheltenham; he "lived upon sixpence a day, and earned it;" and all that came of it was an accession of the Parasite—more fat. He essayed vapor-baths and shampooing without benefit; and then Turkish baths, which last had an excellent effect at first, but the improvement did not continue. He took ninety of them, whereby he only lost six pounds, and greatly weakened his constitution. Lastly, moderation in diet—what is called "low living"—was prescribed, which soon produced an impoverished state of the system, and boils and carbuncles; "for which last," says the patient, "I was ably operated upon, and fell into increased obesity."

At last Mr. Banting began to grow deaf. He applied to an eminent aural surgeon, who put him to some torture with blisters; but nothing came of *them*; on the contrary, he fell into a worse plight than before. However, the eminent aurist left town for his annual holiday, "which," writes Mr. Banting, naively, "proved the greatest possible blessing to me, since it compelled me to seek other assistance." He applied to Mr. Harvey of Soho Square, under whose regimen Mr. Banting lost his Parasite, and recovered his hearing and everything else. The pamphlet is written to describe how this was done, and how every gentleman who is fatter than he should be, may become as slim and genteel as he pleases, by attending to certain simple rules. If Mr. Banting had only made this discovery early enough, there would probably have been no literary person so highly spoken of by Lord Byron as the author of the *Letter on Corpulence*. His lordship need not have confined himself so exclusively to gin and water; he might have revelled in the following excellent daily bill of fare, and yet grown as thin as a herring: "For breakfast," says Mr. Banting, speaking of his reformed habits, "I now take four or five ounces of beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish, bacon, or cold meat of any kind except pork; a large cup of tea (without milk or sugar), a little biscuit, or one ounce of dry toast.

"For dinner, five or six ounces of any fish except salmon, any meat except pork, any vegetable except potato, one ounce of dry toast, fruit out of a pudding, any kind of poultry or game, and two or three glasses of sherry, claret, or madeira—champagne, port, and beer forbidden.

"For tea, two or three ounces of fruit, a rusk or two, and a cup of tea without milk or sugar.

"For supper, three or four ounces of meat or fish, similar to dinner, with a glass or two of claret.

"For nightcap (!), if required, a tumbler of grog (gin, whiskey, or brandy without sugar,) or a glass or two of claret and sherry."

This really seems pretty well, and by no means a starvation regimen; and the dry toast or rusk, we are assured, may without hurt have a tablespoonful of spirit to soften it. Still, there are many things left out of the above list of food permissible which we should much miss. Bread, for instance, must not be touched by the Obese who wishes to become of moderate proportions, nor butter, sugar, milk, beer, nor potatoes. Such had been the simple (and innocent, as he thought) elements of Mr. B.'s existence for years, and they had brought him up to the weight we have described. He had been accustomed, according to his own confession, made at a period of genuine penitence, to take bread and milk for his breakfast, with plenty of milk and sugar and buttered toast; meat, beer, bread ("of which I was always very fond"), and pastry for dinner; his tea consisted of the same noxious materials as his breakfast; and he generally had a fruit-tart or bread and milk for supper. In fact, Mr. Banting had been accustomed to subsist upon starch and saccharine matter in almost every form, and was unconsciously qualifying himself for the Agricultural Show at Islington.

Certainly, it seems singular that none of the scientific persons he consulted previous to Mr. Hervey seem to have reprobated his rather peculiar diet; and indeed we are involuntarily forced to the conclusion that they were ignorant of its fattening properties.

"Oh that the Faculty would look deeper into, and make themselves better acquainted with, the crying evil of Obesity—that dreadful tormenting Parasite on health and comfort. Their fellow-men might not descend into early premature graves, as I believe many do, from what is termed apoplexy; and certainly would not, during their sojourn on earth, endure so much bodily, and, consequently, mental infirmity." This apostrophe of Mr. Banting's, if somewhat tautological, is certainly not without reason. What a number of guineas must have been exacted under false pretences from his unwilling pockets before he received Mr. Hervey's simple recommendation of a meat diet! Of its ameliorating and rapid results, we have the fullest details. On the 26th of August, 1862, Mr. B. and his Parasite together weighed two hundred and two pounds. On the 7th of September, he had lost two pounds; on the 27th, three more; on the 19th of October, four pounds; on the 9th of November, three more; and so on to the 26th of August in the following year; when he found himself relieved of forty-six pounds of superfluous fat! Listen to his own touching account of this reduction.

"My girth is reduced round the waist, in tailor phraseology, twelve and a quarter inches, which extent was hardly conceivable even by my own friends, or my respected medical adviser, until I put on my former clothing over what I now wear. I am told by all who know me that my personal appearance is greatly improved, and that I seem to wear the stamp of good health. I have lost the feeling of occasional faintness, and what I think a remarkable blessing and comfort is, that I have been able entirely to leave off knee-bandages, which I have worn *necessarily* for twenty past years.' Also, 'being now able to stoop with ease and freedom, I have left off using boot-hooks.' The great 'charm' and comfort of the system is, he says that its effects are palpable within a week of trial, which creates a natural stimulus to persevere for a few weeks more, when the fact becomes established beyond question.

The song of gratitude and joy into which Mr Banting bursts upon getting rid of his Parasite, has nothing to match it in literature for enthusiasm combined with matter of fact. The only composition that approaches it is the series of grateful reflections indulged in by Robinson Crusoe upon finding himself safe upon his island. He seems to have been with difficulty persuaded not to express himself in verse.

"I have not felt so well as now for the last twenty years.

"Have suffered no inconvenience whatever in the probational remedy.

"Am reduced many inches in bulk, and thirty-five pounds in weight in thirty-eight weeks.

"Come down stairs forward, naturally, with perfect ease.

"Go up stairs and take ordinary exercise freely without the slightest inconvenience.

"Can perform every necessary office for myself.

"My sight is restored, my hearing improved.

"My other bodily ailments are ameliorated, indeed, almost passed into matter of history."

Surely the above canticle, chanted to slow music, by a choir of enfranchised fat people—persons who have lost their Parasites—would be exceedingly stirring. But Mr. Banting went beyond songs of gratitude. "I have placed a thank-offering of fifty pounds in the hands of my kind medical adviser, for distribution among his favorite hospitals, after gladly paying the usual fees, and still remain under overwhelming obligations for his care and attention, which I can never hope to repay. Most thankful to Almighty Providence for mercies received, and determined to press the case into public notice as a token of gratitude." Genuine earnestness and piety such as this deserve to be respected. We make no doubt, although we have no personal experience of the fact (for being professionally connected with literature, we are not fat ourselves,) that Obesity is something worse than an inconvenience. We are confident that our author is speaking the truth when he says, that "no man suffering under this infliction can be quite insensible to the sneers and remarks of the cruel and injudicious in public assemblies, public vehicles, and the ordinary street-traffic; nor to the annoyance of finding no adequate space in a public assembly." We sympathize with him very cordially in his divorce from his Parasite, and detection of its causes in bread, milk, sugar, &c.—"those human beans,"* as he now stigmatises such condiments.

He does not overrate his former calamity, and he is perfectly correct as to its cure. "The remedy may be as old as the hills," he allows, "but its application is certainly of recent date;" the light of the discovery having been so hidden as not to have afforded a glimmer to poor Mr. Banting in his twenty years' search for it, and that in directions where it might be well expected to be found. Jockeys, prize-fighters, pedestrians, have long known something of the advantages of a meat diet for training purposes; but the doctors have never hitherto applied it. Since the publication of this pamphlet, hundreds of persons suffering from obesity have been relieved by adopting its recommendations, and many of them have expressed their gratitude to the author of their deliverance. Mr. Banting is deservedly the most popular writer of the day, with a large—nay, with the *largest* class of the British public. "I deeply regret," says he, perhaps with a secret reference to this fact, "not having secured a photographic portrait of my original figure in 1862, to place in juxtaposition with one of my present form." We cordially echo this sentiment. We should like to have seen Mr. William Banting with his Parasite, and also without it.

* We thought this was a misprint for "human beings," on the first reading, but our author borrows his image from the dietetics of the horse.

SINGULAR WAR INCIDENT.

Amidst all the horrors of war, many incidents occur, amusing in themselves, and which sometimes, under the most trying circumstances, are provocation of mirth, and form subjects for camp stories months afterwards. I have seen soldiers chase hares and pick blackberries when a shower of the leaden messengers of death was falling thick and fast around them, and do many other cool and foolish things. But the following, which actually took place at Mine Run, surpasses anything I remember to have ever seen or heard: On one of those biting cold mornings, while the armies of Meade and Lee were staring at each other across the little rivulet known as Mine Run, when moments appeared to be hours and hours days, so near at hand seemed the deadly strife, a solitary sheep leisurely walked along the run on the rebel side. A rebel vidette fired and killed the sheep, and, dropping his gun, advanced to remove the prize. In an instant he was covered by a gun in the hands of a Union vidette, who said, "Divide is the word or you are a dead Johnny." This proposition was assented to, and there, between the two skirmish lines, Mr. Rebel skinned the sheep, took one half and moved back with it to his post when his challenger, in turn, dropping his gun, crossed the run, got the other half of the sheep and again resumed the duties of his post amidst the cheers of his comrades who expected to help him eat it. Of the hundreds of hostile men arrayed against each other on either bank of that run, not one violated the truce intuitively agreed upon by these two soldiers.

☞ What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind. What is the soul? It is immaterial.—*Punch.*

INCOMPATIBILITY.

Sometimes, when George had eaten his supper, Isabel would do him the favor of reading aloud one of the most spasmodic poems of a new volume, called The Alien's Dreams. But when the Alien was most melodiously cynical, and the girl's voice tremulous with sudden exaltation of feeling, her eyes, wandering by chance to where her husband sat, would catch him yawning behind his glass of ale, or reckoning a patient's account on the square tips of his fingers. On one occasion poor George was terribly perplexed to behold his wife suddenly drop her book upon her lap and burst into tears. He could imagine no reason for her weeping, and he sat aghast, staring at her for some moments before he could utter any word of consolation.

"You don't care for the poetry, George," she cried, with the sudden passion of a spoiled child. "Oh, why do you let me read to you, if you don't care for the poetry?"

"But I do care for it, Izzie dear," Mr. Gilbert murmured soothingly—"at least I like to hear you read, if it amuses *you*."

Isabel flung the "Alien" into the remotest corner of the little parlor, and turned from her husband as if he had stung her.

"You don't understand me," she said; "you don't understand me."

"No, my dear Isabel," returned Mr. Gilbert with dignity (for his common sense reasserted itself after the first shock of surprise); "I certainly do *not* understand you when you give way to such temper as this without any visible cause."

He walked over to the corner of the room, picked up the little volume, and smoothed the crumpled leaves; for his habits were orderly, and the sight of a book lying open upon the carpet was unpleasant to him.

Of course poor George was right, and Isabel was a very capricious, ill-tempered young woman when she flew into a passion of rage and grief because her husband counted his fingers while she was reading to him. But then such little things as these make the troubles of people who are spared from the storm and tempest of life. Such sorrows as these are the Scotch mists, the drizzling rains of existence. The weather doesn't appear so very bad to those who behold it from a window; but that sort of scarcely perceptible drizzle chills the hapless pedestrian to the very bone. I have heard of a lady who was an exquisite musician, and who, in the dusky twilight of a honeymoon evening, played to her husband—played as some women play, pouring out all her soul upon the keys of the piano, breathing her finest and purest thoughts in some master-melodies of Beethoven or Mozart.

"That's a very *pretty tune*," said the husband, complacently.

She was a proud, reserved woman, and she closed the piano without a word of complaint or disdain; but she lived to be old, and she never touched the keys again.—*The Doctor's Wife.*

FEMALE PHYSICIANS IN ENGLAND.

I find it stated, and I suppose on good authority, that for the first time in England a woman has passed a medical examination—Miss Elizabeth Garrett. She appealed to the universities of London and of St. Andrew's, the college of surgeons of Edinburg and London, and to the college of physicians of Edinburg, but without success. Undaunted, armed with an enduring strength resulting from the consciousness of a brave good purpose, she was not to be put down, and finally appeared as candidate at Apothecaries Hall, and is now a successful one. The license there does not confer so high a position as that of the other institutions, but it is sufficient, and certificates are granted to all who comply with the regulations. All honor to Apothecaries Hall—we will say nothing of the generous minded heads of the colleges. Here is a step gained in the right direction; here is an incentive and encouragement to other women, with few homeless, and a noble desire to benefit their sex, by enabling women to disclose to those able as well as willing to help them their secret ailments, without outraging their most sensitive feelings. How much suffering, bodily and mental, would they be spared, how many years of torture, secret and uncomplained of, would they be rescued from, if the tiny seed of disease were destroyed, ere time and anxiety water it, till it grows a wide-spreading tree overshadowing with death? Miss Garrett has not had an easy task. She has very hardly won her success. She has battled against public opinion, not a pleasant thing for woman. She has had doubtless many heart-stabs, and petty annoyances and daily difficulties that are apt to wear away the energy, but, thank God, she has overcome. She cannot go up for her final examination for eighteen months—then her five years of study will be gone through, her examinations (some already passed) in chemistry, materia medica, anatomy, physiology, and botany will be over—and we shall have one woman at any rate among us following the ancient calling and privilege of her sex; acting both with scientific knowledge, and intuition, the true part of woman—a healer of pain, and soother of sorrows. By the sick bed woman is ever needed, and surely even among those who aim alone to be nurses, some knowledge of medicine and surgery would not render them less soft of hand and light of foot, less watchful or self sacrificing.

F. R., (Brompton).

☞ Shirt collars of linen, cotton, paper and steel, are common; but to this catalogue are now to be added shirt-collars made from vulcanized India-rubber. The new invention has just been patented in England.

☞ THE LATEST HOAX.—We learn from the highest authority that the documents recently published purporting to be letters and dispatches from Earl Russell, Lord Lyons and Jefferson Davis, through his private secretary, respecting the building of rebel rams in British ports, were unmitigated forgeries from beginning to end, no such documents having ever been written by the parties whose names they bore.—*North American.*

☞ A gallant gentleman of the old school, in one of the Roxbury cars, the other day, gave his seat up to a lady, who, as is frequently the case under like circumstances, failed to make the proper acknowledgement. Standing awhile after the car had moved on, he stooped over as if to listen, and said to her: "What did you say, madam?" "Nothing, sir," was the reply of the startled lady. "Oh," said he, "excuse me; 'I thought you said 'Thank you.'"

☞ A cement which is a good protection against weather, water, and fire, to a certain extent, is made by mixing a gallon of water with two gallons of brine, then stir in two and a half pounds of brown sugar and three pounds of common salt; put it on with a brush like paint.

☞ A foppish fellow advised a friend not to marry a poor girl, as he would find matrimony, with poverty, "up-hill work." "Good," said his friend. "I would rather go up-hill than down-hill any time."

☞ Take a company of boys chasing butterflies, put long-tailed coats on the boys and turn the butterflies into guineas, and you have a beautiful panorama of the world.

R. R. R.

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SORE THROAT.—Those afflicted with Coughs, Hoarseness, Irritation and Soreness of the Throat will find nothing so efficacious as a *Throat Remedy*, as Brown's Bronchial Troches. Sold by all Druggists.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been little or no demand for Flour. Sales comprise about 8000 bbls, mostly in small lots, at $7@7,25 for superfine; $7.37@7@63 for common and good extra, the latter for round hoop Pennsylvania and Ohio; $7,50@8,50 for low grade and good extra family, and $8,75@9,25 for fancy brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are scarce; small sales of the former at $7, and 800 barrels of the latter, Brandywine Meal, at $6, 25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN is coming in more freely; sales of 35,000 bus Wheat to note for milling at $1,75@1,87 for fair to good and choice Western and Pennsylvania reds, and $1,95 to $2,05 for white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is selling at $1,55 for Delaware, and $1,60 for Pennsylvania. Corn—About 25,000 bus yellow found buyers at $1,33@1,37. Oats continue dull; sales of 30,000 bus Pennsylvania at 80@90c.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing. We quote Mess Pork at $28@29, and Mess Beef at $18@20 ₱ bbl for country and city packed. Bacon moves off as wanted at 18@21c for plain and fancy Hams; 12½@13½c for Shoulders; and 13½@ 4 for Sides. Green Meats are quiet at 16@17c for eat and pickled hams, mostly at 16½c for the latter, and 12@12½c for shoulders in salt. Lard is inactive, and selling slowly within the range of 14½@14¾c for barrels and tierces, and 16@16½c for kegs. Butter is dull. We quote at 20@23c for Pennsylvania and Ohio, and 30@38c for New York, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is quiet, but firm at 11@13c ₱ lb. Eggs are dull at 19c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—Market unsettled. Sales of 350 bales at from 75@86c for ordinary to good middling quality, cash.

BEESWAX—Yellow is worth 56c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is a fair demand, and prices range from $8 to $8,50 ₱ ton, on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—Sales limited to a few small lots, mostly Rio, at 44½@45½c.

COPPER is firm.

FEATHERS—Western, 65@70c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Of Dried fruit further sales of Apples and Peaches are reported at 10@11c for the former, and 17@20c for the latter, which are dull.

HAY is firm and selling at $23@30 ₱ ton.

HOPS continues dull at 25@30c for Eastern and Western.

IRON continues firm; sales of some 800 tons Anthracite, in lots, at $56 to $58, cash, for the three numbers; and for manufactured Iron generally prices tend upward, with an active demand for all kinds.

LUMBER has been rather quiet; sale moderate at $32@34 for White Pine; $27@28 for Yellow Sap, and $24 for Lehigh Hemlock Boards. Raft Lumber is steady at $19@20 for Hemlock Joist and Scantling, and $21@23 for Boards.

SEEDS—The market for Clover and Timothy continues at a stand still. We quote the former nominally at $6,75@7, and the latter at $2,75@3 ₱ bushel. Of Flaxseed, sales of 1800 bushels are reported, mostly at $3,40 ₱ bushel.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are generally held above the views of buyers. N. E. Rum is nominal at $1,60@1,65. Whiskey has been unsettled at $1,29@1,30 for Pennsylvania and Western bbls, mostly at $1,27@1,28.

SUGARS have been almost at a stand still, with a few small sales, mostly Cuba, to note at 17@17¼c. on time.

TALLOW—We quote city at 13½@13¾c ₱ lb.

WOOL—The market is quiet but steady, with a small business to note at from 77 to 85c for low to medium and fine fleece and tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1000 head. The prices realized were from $13 to 16 ₱ 100 lbs. 900 Cows brought from $25 to 40 ₱ head. 4000 Sheep were sold at from 9 to 10¼ cts ₱ lb. 3500 head Hogs brought from $10 to 13 ₱ 100 lbs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A few months ago I had occasion to it to destroy a felon; although I had never heard of its being used for that purpose, but having suffered intensely from a former one, and having no other remedy at hand, I applied the Pain Killer freely for about fifteen minutes at evening, and repeated the application very briefly the next morning, which entirely destroyed the felon, and increased my confidence in the utility of the remedy. Yours truly, A. W. CURTIS,
Minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

The Pain Killer has been tested in every variety of climate and by almost every nation known to Americans.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, GEORGE W. CLEMENTS, to MARY C. BOK, daughter of the late Frederick Bok, both of this city.

On the 27th of Oct. last, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. EDWARD M. GESELBR, to Miss EMMA E. POWELL, both of this city.

On the 25th of Oct., by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. GEORGE W. CANNING, to Miss ELLY SALES, both of this city.

On the 2d of May, 1864, by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. SAMUEL H. HAAS, 1st sergt. Co. I, 3d Del. Vols., to Miss SALLIE WARREN, both of this city.

On the 8th of April, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. THOMAS V. LEDYARD, to Miss JOSEPHINE HAVERSTICK, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, D. D., Mr. JOHN MASSEY, to Miss MATTIE J. QUAY, both of Chester county.

On the 23d of Feb., by the Rev. F. Church, WILLIAM SHARKEY, U. S. A., to FANNIE, daughter of the late David Cowden.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, SAMUEL HALSELL, Jr., in his 40th year.

On the 11th instant, WILLIAM W. HOLLINGSWORTH.

On the 9th instant, MARY ELIZABETH, wife of Pelham Hollis, aged 35 years.

On the 9th instant, WILLIAM NERLY, Sr., in his 93d year.

On the 8th instant, ABRAHAM LOUGHRIDGE, in his 76th year.

On the 8th instant, Capt. ISAIAH ELDRIDGE, aged 81 years.

On the 7th instant, Adjt. WILLIAM C. DUTTON, of the 23d regt. U. S. Regulars, son of the late John M. and Jane B. Dutton, aged 20 years.

On the 7th instant, GRACE BROWN, in her 48th year.

On the 6th instant, HENRY M. PAGE, in his 34th year.

On the 6th instant, OLIVER P. PARKER, in his 36th year.

On the 8th instant, ANNIE L. CLARK, in her 25th year.

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Dress Goods, popular styles.
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Inscribed to the Mothers, Wives and Sisters of the slain in battle.
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Mother when the war is over.
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The Drummer Boy's March. *Winner.* 30
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ANY WIDOW, PARENT, OR ORPHAN, or Brother, or Sister of any Soldier, Sailor or Marine Killed, or who has Died in the Service of the United States, who desires Ninety-six Dollars ($96) a year Pension, from One Hundred to Eleven Hundred and Ninety-five Dollars ($1,195) cash Bounty, and all the Arrears of Pay due him, should call at once or write to JOSEPH E. DEVITT & COMPANY, No. 427 Walnut Street, The MILITARY and NAVAL AGENCY, Philadelphia.
Also, State Pay, County, City, Ward or other Pay, &c., &c., if there is any due. Apply by letter in person or by letter. my14-3t

TO WOUNDED SOLDIERS.—All Soldiers who have been discharged by reason of wounds received in any battle, and who have received the $100 bounty, can receive the same NOW AT ONCE by applying, either in person or by letter, at the MILITARY AND NAVAL AGENCY,
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☞ Particular attention given to copying Old Pictures.
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FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.
The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast
This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your HORSES, CATTLE and HOGS in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder. Prepared *only by*
WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th, 1862.
WM. RALSTON,—Dear Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market. HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Veterinary Surgeon for the United States Government.
For sale by all Druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per package.
Agents—D. S. BARNES & Co.,
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FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF
PHILADELPHIA.
DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY
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FINANCIAL AGENT
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UNITED STATES.

10-40 LOAN.

This Bank has been authorized and is now prepared to receive subscriptions to the

NEW GOVERNMENT LOAN.

This Loan, issued under authority of an act of Congress, approved March 3, 1864, provides for the issue of Two Hundred Millions of Dollars ($200,000,000) United States Bonds, redeemable after ten years, and payable forty years from date, IN COIN, dated March 1, 1864, bearing interest at the rate of

FIVE PER CENT.

per annum IN COIN, payable semi-annually on all Bonds over $100, and on Bonds of $100 and less, annually.
Subscribers will receive either Registered or Coupon Bonds as they may prefer.
Registered Bonds will be issued of the denomination of fifty dollars ($50), one hundred dollars ($100), five hundred dollars ($500), one thousand dollars ($1,000), five thousand dollars ($5,000), and ten thousand dollars ($10,000), and Coupon Bonds of the denominations of fifty dollars ($50) one hundred dollars ($100), five hundred dollars ($500), and one thousand dollars ($1,000).
Interest will commence from the date of the subscription, or accrued interest from the first day of March or September, as the case may be, to date of subscription, may be paid in coin, (or until further notice) in United States notes, or the notes of National Banks, adding fifty per cent. for premium.
C. H. CLARK,
may 14-4t President.

CLOTHING.
SPRING OF 1864.
EXTENSIVE CLOTHING HOUSE,
Nos. 303 and 305 Chestnut Street,
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Extensive Clothing House, Nos. 303 and 305 Chestnut St.

The facilities of this house for doing business are such that they can confidently claim for it the leading position among the Tailoring Establishments of Philadelphia. They, therefore, invite the attention of gentlemen of taste to their superb stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING, cut by the best artists, trimmed and made equal to Customer Work—AND AT

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They have also lately added a CUSTOM DEPARTMENT where the latest novelties may be found embracing some fresh from London and Paris.

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PERRY & CO.,
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ap16-3m

J. STEWART DEPUY,
At M. MAHAN'S, 253 South Second Street above Spruce, is now selling, from the best stock and assortment of
CARPETING, WINDOW SHADES, &c.,
that he has had for many years, to which he would respectfully invite those who wish to purchase anything in that line. ap2-10t

ELECTRICITY.
All acute and chronic diseases cured by special guarantee when desired by the patient at 1220 WALNUT street, Philadelphia. Consultation free.
my14 9t Prof. BOLLES & Dr. BROWN.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW
a little of everything relating to the human system, diet, air, marriage, etc., etc., read *revised and enlarged* edition of
MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.
Among the many subjects treated in this work are the following:—Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Piles, Liver, and Philosophy of Digestion, Constipation, Affections of the Urinary Organs, Barrenness, Rupture, Salt Rheum, Cancer, Paralysis, Diseases of the Heart, Neuralgia, How to Recover the Sight and throw aside Spectacles, Marriage, the Curious Marriage Customs of the World, Philosophy of Elopements, a Chapter for the Married, and a thousand things of value to married and single never written before, making, altogether, a curious book for curious people, and a good book for every one. 400 pages; 100 illustrations. Contents tables sent free by mail to all applicants, or the book forwarded by mail, postage paid, on receipt of $1.50. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., No. 1130 Broadway, N. Y. ap20-6t

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
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39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.
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BROKERS

STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.
7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.
All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.
UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.
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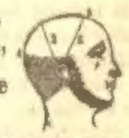

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Premier Artiste
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HAIR.
Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemens' hair. nov6-cowly

TWO WORKS, VALUABLE TO THE sick or well, sent by mail. No pay expected until received, read, and approved.
1st. Dr. S. S. FITCH'S SIX LECTURES on the Cause, Prevention, and Cure of Consumption, Skin Diseases, Male and Female Complaints, &c., on the Mode and Rules for Preserving Health. 300 pages, 21 engravings. Price 50 cts.
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N. B.—Say which Book you will have, giving name, state, county and post office.
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VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT
IN PINT BOTTLES AT FIFTY CENTS, cures lameness, cuts, galls, colic, &c. Read the following:
BOSTON, July 7th, 1860.
DR. TOBIAS:—We have used for the past year your Horse Liniment for lameness, kicks, bruises, colic and cuts, and in every instance found it the best article I ever tried in this circus company. Please send six dozen, as it is the only liniment we use now. We have 108 horses, some very valuable, and do not want to leave town without it. HYATT FROST,
Manager Van Amburgh & Co.'s Menagerie.
Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. my7-2teow

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.—They expel the poisons which threaten life. Every time a sick person is purged by this vegetable remedy, he has less vitiated humors and more life and vigor, as any one can prove by taking a single dose. Persons of spare habits gain flesh and strength while using them. Every time we rest a few days or weeks from the purgation, we make new fluids from our food, which replace the unsound ones that the Pills have caused to be evacuated. Each time we repeat this process, we expel further quantities of impurities, which are again replaced by fluids less and less impure, so that in a short time, by continuing this treatment, we bring back the whole mass of fluids or humors to that state of purity which constitutes health, for Brandreth's Pills only take away humors which are unsound.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.
Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. my7-2teow

A GENERAL REBELLION.
Triumph of a Great Discovery!
The public has *rebelled* against *cauterizing Hair Dyes.* Fashion has forsworn them. A sagacious community has adopted in their stead,
CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,
and *for these reasons:* It embrowns and blackens the *hair*, not the *skin.* It is a *vegetable emollient*, not a *burning fluid.* It does not burlesque nature with *blooming metallic tinges*, but produces her own *living hues.* Its cooling effect is *lasting.* It *defies detection.* Its results are *uniform.* It *never fails.*
Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.
Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative
Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.
Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. ap23-cow3t

WHISKERS.—My ONGUENT will grow Whiskers on the smoothest face in 21 days. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Price 25 cents, or six packages $1, by mail. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Illinois.

Wit and Humor.

ORIGINAL IDENTITY.

Professor C, of one of our flourishing New England colleges, was an able man, but unfortunately had a hobby, which he rode in season and out of season, much to the annoyance of the students. His was an exceedingly fine-spun metaphysical theory, to the effect that the original identity of a substance is never lost by any transmutation or change which may take place in respect to the substance itself.

One lecture evening, after the worthy Professor had expatiated at some length on his favorite topic, an irreverent student asked leave to propose a question, when the following colloquy ensued:—

Student. You see this knife which I hold in my hand?

Prof. Certainly.

Student. If I should lose the blade, and have a new one put in its place, would it be the same knife afterwards?

Prof. Most assuredly.

Student. Then, if I should subsequently lose the handle, and get it replaced, would it still be the same knife?

Prof. Certainly.

Student. Then, if some one should find the original blade and handle, and put them together, what knife would that be?

The answer of the Professor is not reported.

A SUSPICIOUS WOMAN.

One afternoon last week, when the wind was playing sad pranks with signs, awnings and crinoline, a gentleman, in quite feeble health, was struggling to reach his home, at the south part of the city, aided by his wife. Just as they reached the corner of Tremont and some other street, a huge scuttle, weighing nearly a hundred pounds, was torn from the roof of a house by the power of the wind, and dashed to the sidewalk, just in front of the feeble gentleman and his wife.

"Good heavens!" the man exclaimed, "that was a narrow escape for us."

"If it had hit us, it would have killed us," she replied.

The two stopped for a moment to examine the scuttle—more dangerous during high winds than bombshells; but just as they were scrutinizing it a window near them was opened, a female's head was thrust out, and in shrill tones she shouted:

"You needn't think you're goin' to carry that off, 'cause it 'blongs to my house!"

The gentleman, who was not able to shoulder a fifty pound weight, left the scuttle or home as fast as the gale would permit him to travel.—*American Union.*

PATRICK HENRY INTERROGATED.—As germain to the subject of duels, we recollect hearing from the late Chief Justice Marshall, that Governor Giles, of Virginia, once addressed a note of this tenor to Patrick Henry:—

"Sir,—I understand that you have called me a 'bob-tail' politician. I wish to know if it be true; and if true, your meaning.

"WM. B. GILES."

To which Mr. Henry replies in this wise:

"Sir,—I do not recollect having called you a bob-tail politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or occasion, I can't say what I did mean; but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not. Very respectfully,

"PATRICK HENRY."

REAL GENTLEMEN.—"Well, Mr. Flunkey," said a lawyer to a waiter who was under examination, "you say the defendant is no gentleman. What makes you think so?" "'Cause, sir, he always says 'Thank you,' when I hand him a mutton-chop, or even a piece of bread. Now a real gentleman never does this, but hollers out, 'Here, Bill, get me a mutton-chop, or I'll throw this pepper-box at your head.' You can't deceive me with a gentleman, your worship. 'Cause why? I have associated with too many at the race-course."

UNFORTUNATE AT COMPLIMENTS.—It is related of a Parisian portrait painter, that having recently painted the portrait of a lady, a critic, who had just dropped in to see what was going on in the studio, exclaimed—"It is very nicely painted; but why did you take such an ugly model?" "It is my mother," calmly replied the artist. "Oh! pardon, a thousand times," said the critic, in the greatest confusion. "You are right; I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you very much."

☞ The following order, *verbatim et literatim*, is said to have been received by an undertaker from an afflicted widower:—"Sur—my wife is ded, and Wonts to be berried to-morro At wunnor klok. U nose wair too dig the Hole—bi the said of my too Uther waifs—Let it be deep."

☞ A man, brought before a justice of the peace in Vermont, charged with some petty offence, pleaded in extenuation a natural infirmity. "I should have made a considerable figure in the world, judge," said he, "if I hadn't been a *fool;* it's a dreadful pull-back to a man."

CAGE BIRDS:

WITH DIRECTIONS FOR KEEPING THEM IN PERFECT HEALTH.

How many people, living both in city and country, keep birds of all kinds, in small cages, feeding them for ever upon the same kind of food, varied occasionally, perhaps, with a bunch of greens, giving them fresh water every day, and a newly-sanded floor once or twice a week; this they fancy is all the attention a bird needs, and yet they wonder when, after a few months, perhaps a year, the bird either dies or grows fat, unanimated, ceases to sing, and is no longer a pleasure to its owner. People in town attribute this to the effects of city air and smoke, nor do I deny that this has much to do with town birds being less healthy than country ones, nevertheless its ill effects may be in a great measure guarded against; and having for many years paid particular attention to the best mode of tending cage-birds, I now offer a few suggestions to any reader who may need them.

In the first place, let it be remembered that to keep a bird in one cage hung in the same place day after day, and week after week, is the greatest possible injury to its health. Birds, as much as ourselves, require change of scene and place. How can they hop continually from perch to perch, never once using their wings, and thus taking a proper and natural kind of exercise, without becoming weak and diseased? Now to remedy these evils it is advisable to let the birds fly in some room where they will do no harm, for at least half an hour every day. At first there may be a little trouble in catching them; but in a very short time, if the cage with the open door be held before them every day, the birds will hop into it quite readily; also they should never be hung for more than a few days in the same place; the scene should be changed, even though they are moved into a darker or less cheerful place. Fresh air, too, is necessary whenever it is possible to give it, for if it is necessary to us, surely it must be equally so to them, who are formed to live for ever in the air. There is another no less important point—that being, to keep their cage as clean as possible, not merely by strewing fresh sand over the floor, but by thoroughly scrubbing the cage all over regularly every week, for small atoms of dirt and impurities lodge between the wires, which may be eaten by the bird for mere amusement; therefore, the whole cage should be plunged into a bucket of hot water, and thoroughly brushed. It may be fancied that this will spoil the cage, causing the wires to rust; but if they be carefully wiped inside and out, no harm will be found to ensue. A bath, too, should be given to the bird every day, and twice during the heat of summer. This may be done in a saucer or dish, when they are taking their fly, or proper baths may be bought at any cage shop. Some birds, if they have not been accustomed to a bath, will never get into one; this is far from natural, and the result of habit, but water is such a necessary for their good health, that for some time the owner should take his bird out of the cage and put it into a hand-basin, with about an inch in depth of cold water, cover them with a hand-towel, and splash the water over them. The first or second day they may stand quite still, looking very much frightened, but after that they will shake themselves as the drops fall upon them; at last, and indeed in a very short time, they will no longer need to be splashed, for they will wash themselves with great enjoyment.

And now we come to the question of their food, which is a very important one, it being the greatest possible mistake to give a bird day after day the usual mixture of canary, rape, and perhaps hempseed. I am now speaking in a very general sense of such common birds as do eat those grains; in a future paper I hope to treat more especially of each individual kind of bird, of its proper food, treatment, and the easiest mode of taming or teaching it, but at the present time in speaking of food, I only allude to such birds as are given the above-named seeds which, as I have said, are never changed, and hence the cause of much bad health in cage birds. Now let me persuade any reader of this paper to try the plan of breaking through the common rule of giving those seeds every day, and try the effect of following an entirely new plan, to explain which, let us go through one week and name the different kinds of food that may be given.

Monday.—Canary and rape with some kind of green food; if groundsel or chickweed cannot be got, let some hemp and rape-seed be planted that they may have it green.

Tuesday.—Indian millet-seed, with crumbs of biscuit and fruit, if in the summer; if winter, dried plantain.

Wednesday.—Flax-seed (if the bird will eat it), if not repeat canary and rape in the morning, but remove it in the afternoon and give dried mignionette seed.

Thursday.—Indian millet seed and a little well boiled rice, with some green food; water-cress if possible.

Friday.—A very small quantity of hemp-seed, with canary ditto, and dried or green plantain.

Saturday.—Seed of some kind, with a little bread soaked in milk; no green food if the latter be given.

There are certainly some birds which will not eat rice, flax, or soaked bread: with these the kinds of seed, instead of being mixed, should be given some one day, and others the next; but there is nothing so good as a daily change of food, and it is a mistake to fancy that biscuit, rice, or soaked bread would be unwholesome. I have never found it so, and always made a rule of giving it if the bird will eat it, which is not always the case. Of course the above rules for feeding are not supposed to be regularly attended to; I only give them as a suggestion of the different kinds of food which may be given. At nesting time a little poppy-seed should be put into the cage in addition to the general food; but about nesting I shall enter into particulars when I speak of the different kinds of birds. It is advisable for people living in the country to hang their bird-cages upon different trees every day, that even out of the house they may have change of scene. If these directions be carried out, birds in London will be much more healthy, and have a smoother and brighter plumage; for let us apply the question to any animal, or even to ourselves; would any one enjoy perfect health if kept always in the same place, and fed upon the same food? Woes, then, would a bird—a creature so entirely formed for activity and perpetual change? They may, and do live, but cannot be well or happy, and a little extra care will save many a life of valuable birds and favourite pets.

C. BALFOUR.

NEW FASHION FOR GENTLEMEN.

Mr. Jones Decoursey, outraged that the ladies should have all the changes in the fashions, has selected Mrs. Cotillion's party to display his idea of what a gentleman's party-dress should be.

OFFERS.

It seems a simple thing to make an offer of marriage, and yet most wooers find it very embarrassing. The "will you have me," like Macbeth's Amen, is apt to stick in the throat, and sometimes a love-struck cavalier makes a good many *offers* at an offer before he gets it out. The best way of doing the thing, perhaps, is to make short work of it.

——"When 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly."

Some writers on the subject recommend that the offer direct shall never be attempted when there is any possibility of proposing by implication. Of course this plan is suggested for the purpose of saving harmless the self-love of the proposer, in case the lady should be negatively inclined. It most certainly be unpleasant to be refused; but for all that we think the frank, straightforward way of putting the vital question is the best and manliest. For those who think otherwise, there are, however, many strategic modes of getting at a lady's sentiments without saying plain English, "will you be my wife?" As thus, for example: An enamored youth and the maiden he idolizes, &c., &c., are alone. She drops her glove. He picks it up and asks the privilege of retaining it. If she declines to grant it the game is up; be cause, of course, if she will not give him a small matter as a glove, it is not likely she has given him her heart. But if the answer is affirmative, he can hold the fairy gauntlet toward her and ask her if she could not make it convenient to leave her hand in it. A neat offer by implication was once made in Broadway. A certain young lady one day met a certain "young man about town" walking up that Elysian thoroughfare with an umbrella in his hand. "Positively," said she, "you and your umbrella are like our glorious Union, one and inseparable." "'Pon my life we are," was the reply. "My dear Miss ——, will you accept my umbrella."

It is rarely necessary for even the most bashful to make their approaches to widows in this cautious manner. If a widow is favorably inclined toward a lover, she generally has an encouraging way with her that puts him at his ease at once.

☞ Beware of a peculiar form of vanity which consists in making confidences of your private affairs to many people, and in binding every acquaintance to solemn secrecy as to this or that matter relative to yourself or friends. Weak people often think by such confidence to attract intimacy, but the confided in seldom fail, on reflection, to attribute it to mere vanity.

☞ A punctual man is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts neglected ruin credit, and when a man has lost that, he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he cannot ascend.

☞ GIVING QUARTER.—This phrase is said to have originated from an agreement between the Dutch and Spaniards, that the ransom of an officer or soldier should be a quarter of his pay. Hence, to beg quarter was to offer a quarter of their pay for their safety, and to refuse quarter was not to accept that compensation as a ransom.

☞ DESTINY.—In vain we chisel as best we can, the mysterious block of which our life is made, the black vein of destiny continually reappears.

Agricultural.

WALKS AND PATHS.

A good walk, one which is dry in wet, and firm in dry weather, one which will not "track" into the house, and which will not allow weeds to grow in it, is something very desirable to every one who lives anywhere except in paved streets. There is no difficulty in making walks to answer all these conditions, if the materials are readily obtainable. Most perfect specimens of walks may be seen in the Central Park, in the city of New York, where abundant means are at hand. And excavations of a foot or more in depth is first made, then a foundation of coarse stones is laid down, this is covered with several inches of stone broken by machinery to about the size of a walnut, and over this a layer of gravel. Where good gravel can be obtained, there is perhaps no better material for a walk. Three or four inches laid upon a proper foundation of stones or brick rubbish, and well rolled will make an excellent surface. Unfortunately all gravel will not pack, and loose gravel is worse than none at all. The next best thing to gravel is hard coal ashes, which pack down with the aid of a roller into a firm smooth walk. A path neatly paved with small stones, though not so pleasant to walk upon, is the best that can be had in some places. Overburnt bricks, such as have been too much heated for building purposes, may be made to serve a good purpose. In many parts of the West, plank is used, but it must be always in straight lines, and has an artificial look which only the comfort will compensate for. Tan bark makes a pleasant walk, and its color harmonizes well with the surrounding verdure. Even saw-dust may, on a pinch, be used for the same purpose. Grass walks are an abomination, as they are only passable during a part of the day. The foundation of walks may be made with the bottom concave or convex. The latter is preferable as it allows the water to pass off at both edges. The surface of the walk ought to be rounded, but not too convex. A centre elevation of one inch to every five feet of width is usually enough.—*American Agriculturist.*

IMPORTANT TO PEACH GROWERS.—The author of "Ten Acres Enough," who is an experienced horticulturist, gives what he has found to be a sure preventative of the borer in peach trees. He first experimented with ten old peach trees that were nearly destroyed by the borer. He bared the roots of the trees, and carefully removed all the worms he could find, then washed the roots with soap suds, and left them uncovered a week, to make sure work of any worms that might have escaped his notice. He then applied tar to the diseased parts and to the trunk of the tree two or three inches above ground. The trees recovered their original vigor and have been fruitful bearers ever since. Tar applied to young trees near the surface of the ground will effectually prevent the borers from molesting them. Coal tar answers the same purpose. Care must be taken not to cover more than a couple of inches above ground.

GAS-TAR FOR POSTS.—This application is far better than the old mode of charring, and is much more easily applied. Charring only affects the outside, admitting moisture into the interior and rotting it. The tar, if applied hot to well-seasoned posts, entirely excludes moisture. S. P. Wormley, of Michigan, states in The Country Gentleman that, seven years ago, he built a mile of board fence, placing the posts for one mile in a large kettle of hot gas-tar, so as to coat them six inches above the surface. They now appear to be as sound as when set. The posts of another fence, set about the same time, without tarring, are about half decayed.

Useful Receipts.

TO BAKE A SHAD.—Empty and wash the fish with care, but do not open it more than is necessary, and keep on the head and fins. Then stuff it with forcemeat. Sew it up, or fasten it with fine skewers, and rub the fish over with the yolk of egg and a little of the stuffing. Put into the pan in which the fish is to be baked, a gill of wine, or the same quantity of water mixed with a tablespoonful of Cayenne vinegar, or common vinegar will do. Bake in a moderate oven one-and-a-half or two hours, according to its size.

STOCK MEAT.—Plan for using the stock meat after it has been used for soup:—Stock meat may be made into a very savory dish as follows:—Pound the meat to paste, season every pound with two saltspoonfuls of salt, one saltspoonful of black pepper, a grain of cayenne, the sixth part of a nutmeg grated, the peel of half a lemon grated, a small onion finely chopped, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, half a saltspoonful of mixed herbs, two ounces of good dripping or butter, and the white of an egg. Mix it well and form it into cakes half an inch thick; dip them into the beaten yolk of egg, then dredge them with baked flour, and fry in plenty of good dripping for eight or ten minutes. It is also very good chopped, and mixed with salad.

SALAD.—"The vinegar used in salad should always be wine vinegar, not pyroligneous acid." This latter is the usual kind of thing met with, and is abominable. Cooptal, the great French chemist, directs that "the salad should be saturated with oil, and seasoned with salt and pepper, before the vinegar is added. It results from this process that there never can be too much vinegar, for, from the specific gravity of the vinegar compared with oil, what is more than needful will fall to the bottom of the salad bowl. The salt should not be dissolved in the vinegar, but in the oil, by which means it is more equally distributed through the salad."

"The Spanish proverb says that to make a perfect salad there should be a miser for oil, a spendthrift for vinegar, a wise man for salt, and a madcap to stir the ingredients up and mix them well together. The proverb is perfect with the exception of the last member of the sentence. A patient and discreet man, a painstaking and careful man or woman should be intrusted with the duty of mixing the salad with its seasoning."

MOCK BRAWN.—Lay a pig's head in water over night, then drain it; salt well with common salt and saltpetre, and let it lie for five days. Boil it enough to take out the bones; having boiled the feet and ears, and boned the former, lay the head on the table and fill up the hollows with the feet and ears, sprinkling, as you proceed, with salt and pepper, and finely chopped sage; then place on the other half of the head, putting the thick end of the one to the thin end of the other. Put it into a cloth, and bind it with a broad tape; boil it two hours, then put a weight on it, and do not move it or the binding till quite cold. The feet and ears to be salted with the head, but the feet not to be skinned.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 18, 16, 13, 3, is what every one should do while the war lasts.
My 9, 5, 6, 14, 21, is invaluable to historians.
My 15, 14, 18, 20, is a valuable acquisition in the present war.
My 22, 20, 12, 6, is part of the human frame.
My 10, 11, 3, 8, is a celebrated physician.
My 1, 2, 7, 18, 6 is the name of a gang of rowdies.
My 19, 20, 17, 11, is a useful animal.
My whole should be found on every drawing-room table. SUBSCRIBER.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When telling what you have seen or done
My first you always use.
My second comes when the morning sun
Lights up the east with golden hues.
The horseman to his dashing steed
With commanding tone may oft be heard
When reining up from headlong speed
To cry aloud my third.
Where mountain tops with gold abound,
Where golden rivers roll;
Far in the west where these are found
Lies wrapt in wealth my whole.
Union Hall, Iowa. W. A. PERKINS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in lyre, but not in harp.
My 2d is in quick, but not in sharp.
My 3d is in wreath, but not in crown.
My 4th is in tumble, but not fall down.
My 5th is in torture, but not in pain.
My 6th is in homely, but not in plain.
My 7th is in gentle, but not in good.
My 8th is in acre, but not in rood.
My 9th is in enemy, but not in foe.
And my 10th is in trumpet, but not in blow.
My whole is a rank borne o'er field and flood,
And many have won it thro' toil and blood.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A mountain in Europe.
A mountain in North America.
A mountain in Oceanica.
A river in South America.
A river in Asia.
A river in Turkey.
A river in Russia.
A city in Siberia.
My initials form the name of a river, and my finals where it is. NORMAN.
Alleghany Co., Pa.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman owns a five-sided tract of land, whose five corners are, in rotation, an ash, a birch, a cherry, a dogwood, and an elm. A fir stands on the tract due south from the ash, or first corner; due west from the birch or second corner; and due north from the cherry or third corner. From the ash along the first side to the birch, and thence along the second side to the cherry measure together 81 perches. From the birch along the second side to the cherry, and thence across the tract to the fir measure together 96 perches. From the cherry across the tract to the fir, and thence across the tract out to the birch measure together 60 perches. The third side runs down from the cherry due west 60 perches to the dogwood or fourth corner; and the fifth side runs up from the elm due east 40 perches to the ash, or place of beginning. With these datas given it is supposed that the area of this whole five-sided tract can be determined. Let whoever will try it.

HILDEBERT KOBEL.

☞ An answer is requested.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On a level plane are two towers, perpendicular to the horizon, one of which is 91 feet high, and the other is 216 feet high; and the angles of elevation of their summits, measured at their bases, are as 3 to 4. Required—the distance the towers are asunder?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pennsylvania.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is a burden in an inconvenient place? Ans.—A box on the ear.

☞ Which is at once the most provoking and most welcome order of a drill sergeant? Ans.—Stand-at-ease (stand-a-tease.)

☞ Where do ships keep the wine? Ans.—In the port hole.

☞ When do watches go after a fox? Ans.—When they are hunting watches.

☞ Which are the most loyal people in America? Ans.—The Irish, because of their patriotic conduct.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"Better late than never." CHARADE—Price rice ice I. a. I. DOUBLE REBUS—Prussia, Holland. (Portsmouth, Rio Janeiro, Ural, Sebastopol, Siberia, Isphan Ahmecabad.)

Answer to PROBLEM by R. Barto, published April 9th. The point is situated at a distance of 10.24, 28.53, and 33.84 from the angles respectively. Walter Siverly, 10.239, 24.824, and 34.732 rods. Reuben Barto.

Answer to PROBLEM by Junior same date. $ 684. Walter Siverly, Nannie Dor and, Junior, Morgan Stevens, W. J. Barrett, and R. Barto.

To R. Vasey, Jr.—We cannot publish any Riddle, Charade or Enigma that is so long as to fill our columns.—*Ed. Riddler.*